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McKean County Miner.

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THE PEOPLE SHALL RULE.

But Not Exactly to the Liking of the Eminent and Peerless William Jennings Bryan.

TAFT, BARCLAY, BALDWIN, M'KEAN, HILTON, MORRSION, STARSKY,

Choate, Eastman, Mayo, Marsh, Peterson, Devlin, Abbey, Anderson and Cory are Winners.

ANOTHER GREAT LANDSLIDE TO REPUBLICANISM.

Taft Carries New York City for First Time in History.

HUGHES, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Whole Republican County Ticket is Elected with Exception of Robert P. Habgood, who Loses by a Small Margin—Nice Day and a Big Vote Polled—E. K. Kane Gets Large Complimentary Vote.

Tuesday was a great Republican day and a big vote was cast all over the country. In McKean county nearly ten thousand votes were cast and the whole ticket, National, State, District and county was elected, with one exception. Assemblyman Robert P. Habgood was defeated by about 175 votes by Robert W. Hilton of Smethport.

William H. Morrison was the only Republican, besides Mr. Habgood, against whom a determined fight was made but he won out by about 800 plurality.

The winners, for which the people of McKean county voted, are:

President—William H. Taft.
Vice President—James S. Sherman.
Judge of Superior Court—William D. Porter.
Congressman—Charles F. Barclay
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin.
Assemblymen—James A. McKean, Robert W. Hilton.
Sheriff—William H. Morrison.
Prothonotary—Benj. F. Starsky.
Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate.
Register of Wills—John B. Eastman.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster.
County Commissioners—John A. Peterson, A. M. Marsh, John P. Devlin.
County Auditors—A. A. Abbey, A. R. Anderson, A. B. Cory.

According to the returns from Tuesday's election William H. Taft was assured of 300 votes in the electoral college and William J. Bryan of 156, with 18 votes of Missouri still in doubt, although probably Democratic. There are 488 votes in the electoral college, 243 being necessary to a choice.

Among the surprises carried in the late returns was the winning of Maryland for Taft by a plurality of 149, this being 98 votes more than the Roosevelt plurality four years ago. There is some chance that the electoral vote will be split as it was then.

Missouri, on official count, gives Mr. Taft a plurality of 67, and will have a Republican State Government, Attorney-General Hadly having been victorious.

Five other States which elected Republican electors have chosen Democratic State tickets. They were Ohio where Judson Harmon won over his opponent, Harris; Indiana, West Virginia, Montana and Minnesota, where Governor John A. Johnson was re elected despite the great plurality given Taft.

The Republican majority in the National House of Representatives will be less in the 61st Congress than it was in the 60th. With 11 districts still missing, the majority is 56, and it is probable that final returns will make about 40, as compared with 55 in the last Congress.

The complexion of the Senate will not change much, the Republicans losing perhaps two or three. Twenty-five new members of the Senate are to be elected, six having been chosen recently.

Following is the vote for President by States, with electorial vote and plurality.

STATES	TAFT.	BRYAN.	PLURALITY
Alabama		11	15,000
Arkansas		9	55,000
California	10		70,000
Colorado		5	1,000
Connecticut	7		44,754
Delaware	3		2,500
Florida		5	20,000
Georgia		13	18,000
Idaho	3		15,000
Illinois	27		152,000
Indiana	15		10,000
Iowa	13		50,000
Kansas	10		20,000
Kentucky		13	18,000
Louisiana		9	40,000
Maine	6		31,000
Maryland	8		149
Massachusetts	16		101,696
Michigan	14		100,000
Minnesota	11		80,000
Mississippi		10	55,000
Missouri	18		67
Montana	3		1,500
Nebraska		8	10,000
Nevada		3	3,000
New Hampshire	4		20,000
New Jersey	12		75,000
New York	39		203,315
North Carolina		13	35,000
North Dakota	4		15,000
Ohio	23		40,000
Oklahoma		7	13,000
Oregon	4		24,000
Pennsylvania	34		306,000
Rhode Island	4		18,647
South Carolina		9	50,000
South Dakota	4		18,000
Tennessee		12	26,000
Texas		18	105,000
Utah	3		15,000
Vermont	4		27,944
Virginia		12	20,000
Washington	5		45,000
West Virginia	7		28,000
Wisconsin	13		65,000
Wyoming	3		709
Totals	327	156	
Taft's apparent plurality			1,044,222

These figures are based upon the best estimates at hand this morning.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Teachers' Institute.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Dr. Mace.—The origin of states' rights was the pride of each colony in its own existence. This pride moved forward to the Constitutional struggle and subsequent events culminating in Secession. Events in history important only as an index to motives behind them. The idea of union had its origin in the French and Indian war, and grew till independence was secured. Periods in history dominated by one great idea. Historical events may be divided into five distinct classes: political, religious, educational, industrial and social. The entering wedge of slavery began with a business venture in 1619, forcing apart two classes of whites until it ended in the Civil war.

Miss Berkhardt of Colorado, musical director of the Institute, rendered a vocal solo.

Vocal solo by Prof. Munson.

Miss Berkhardt.—Teachers should speak in soft, pleasant tones, and she will find it reflected in her pupils. Begin at the top of the scale and sing down. Do not change the key of songs for primary grades. Every child can be taught to sing by persistent work.

Miss Hamilton.—Illustrates method of interesting grammar grades by telling stories in the first person.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Institute was opened at 9 o'clock by the devotional exercises conducted by the Rev. Harris of Smethport.

Dr. Mace continued his talk on the Logical Method of History. Showed in an interesting way how the five different classes of historical events move forward as the result of one underlying motive. More attention should be given to colonial history of our state.

After intermission a piano solo was given by Miss Goshorn, pianist, which was highly appreciated.

Miss Hamilton in answer to complaints of teachers that their lot is a trying, thankless one, told a story of the struggles of two of her former pupils against adverse circumstances to success, concluded by the leading fact, their former teacher depended upon them to achieve success at last.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Supt. Bayle announced that the attendance is 309, or 241 teachers out of 300.

The Teachers' Association held an election of officers; Prof. Montgomery was chosen president and Miss Lynch sec. and treas.

Dr. Mace—Why Washington won the Revolutionary Conflict.

The Americans were unconquerable. Had their cities been taken and their homes destroyed, they still had their woods and their love of liberty left, and would have crossed the mountains and established themselves. The British had to employ hired soldiers who did not prove good fighters. Every soldier in the American army was a sharpshooter. His rifle was a piece of household furniture which provided his family with food. American soldiers schooled in Indian warfare knew how to protect themselves from the fire of the enemy. The Americans were all strategists as shown at Trenton, Princeton, Boston, New York and Yorktown.

Miss Todd sang a beautiful solo and a lullaby after which Miss Berkhardt illustrated the method of teaching, wrote songs, distributing several pretty childhood songs among the teachers.

Miss Hamilton.—Make charts with rubber stamps on manila paper. Second grade pupils may help make these charts. Few primers and first readers are suitable for use with beginners in reading, being made to sell. A set of primary readers based upon the "Uncle Remus Stories" is demanded. Who will write one? Primary readers are not made well.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Institute opened by devotional exercises led by Rev. Hopkins.

Miss Hamilton continued her talk on primary reading. Give the vowel sounds by means of a game, calling the vowels children, in pairs, giving them the names of the long and short vowels. Emphasize silent reading, as nine-tenths of our reading after school days is silent reading. Establish the library habit in children. Let them take children's books home with them. Every child that reads good books is safe. We can not put too much stress on reading, as it gives power of gaining knowledge and culture independently. Let pupils work with their hands, as it furnishes an outlet for their physical energy and requires the highest kind of mental activity. Build doll houses of fruit crates or dry goods boxes. Then put in partitions, shingle roofs, paint the house, paper the walls with paper designed by the children, and carpet the floors with rugs and mats made by them. Miss Hamilton showed a number of rugs woven by the children in her school, some of which she prizes very highly, as the making of them was the means of awakening in the children the desire to do and to learn. Very tribute on the merchants and households for material for this manual training work of the schools. Things needed that cannot be had free of cost such as scissors and other implements the teacher can buy, the money so spent is money well invested as it will return to the teacher in increased salary in recognition of greater usefulness.

The Rev. Hopkins sang a solo, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," which was roundly applauded.

Dr. Mace—"Where does History Begin?"

It begins away back of the kindergarden when the child begins to interpret actions. He gets notions of the family relations by contact at first hand. These relations are extended to other institutions. He may take part in a political campaign before he enters school. The school, the last institution he becomes acquainted with. In the study of home geography, he re-studies all the facts previously learned through experience. These experiences together with stories of myths and legends form the basis by which the child get at the meaning of history through events studied. History should be studied from text books as soon as he can imagine the events and identify the actions with his previous experience.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon was occupied by a joint session of directors and teachers, there being over fifty directors present.

Dr. Mace gave his famous lecture, "The Lincoln-Douglass Debate," in which he contrasted in eloquent words the lives and characters of these great men, in which he showed them to be almost perfect antithesis of each other. Lincoln won because of his moral strength in standing for right, truth and liberty. Lincoln in his speeches brought the people face to face with the question, "Shall our country be all Slave or all Free?" He paid an eloquent tribute to the patriotism of these two men.

Time to the Institute pound in singing "America."

After a beautiful vocal solo by Miss Jennings, Supt. Sweeney of Elk county was introduced. He complimented the Institute on its appearance and the Superintendent upon the successful management of the Institute in spite of the difficulties encountered. Teachers should stand and watch themselves pass by.

Miss Hamilton gave an address to the directors and explained Course of Study. She told in a very interesting way how the course of study originated in Illinois, how it has been revised several times, and how a course in agriculture was incorporated into the course at its third revision, at the demand of Miss Hamilton. The revising committee asks for its motto that nothing taught in any school is any too good for the children of our country.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Institute was opened by devotional exercises led by Rev. T. E. Evans of Bradford township school board.

Dr. Mace.—When pupils begin the study of History from the text-book, the stories are seen from a different point of view from that of the stories in the lower grades. The leading characters of the stories sink to a common level, and the picturesque in the stories are made prominent. Make the most of illustrations and word pictures. Supplement the regular text book with other and more interesting descriptions.

Solo, "Spring is Coming," was sung by Miss Berkhardt.

The teachers' committee on resolutions reported as follows:

Whereas, the teachers of McKean county are about to adjourn from a most profitable and enjoyable institute, and,

Whereas, the people of Smethport and pastors of the churches have shown their interest in our welfare and contributed to the success of the institute, and,

Whereas, the instructors by their efficient and inspiring labors and our County Superintendent, Burdette S. Bayle, by his untiring efforts have made this institute one whose results we hope will be far reaching for good in all the schools of McKean county;

Therfore, be it hereby resolved, that we extend our hearty thanks to the people and pastors of Smethport; to the various instructors, Miss Hamilton, Dr. Mace, Miss Berkhardt, Miss Todd, Professor Munson, and to our faithful and energetic Superintendent, Burdette S. Bayle, and to all others who in any way contributed to the success of the institute.

Respectfully submitted,
F. R. NEILD,
T. V. CARVER,
WINIFRED SWEENEY.

The directors' committee on resolutions reported as follows:

Your committee on resolutions would present for your consideration the following:

Resolved, That first we extend to our president, vice presidents, secretary and treasurer our appreciation of their services during the past year.

Second, that we appreciate the efforts of our Superintendent, Burdette S. Bayle, in furthering the cause of education in our county, and have watched with interest the growth and advancement of our schools under his supervision. Furthermore we beg leave to thank our worth Superintendent for his kindness to the directors in everything pertaining to our welfare as an association.

Third, that we desire to go on record as heartily favoring for all township schools to use the Illinois Course of Study, which has been introduced upon the recommendation and under the supervision of our County Superintendent.

Fourth, that we would express our thanks to all who have addressed our meetings and especially to Miss Cora Hamilton for her excellent explanation of the Illinois Course of Study.

Fifth, that we emphasize the value and importance of these annual directors' meetings and urge upon every director of the county his duty to attend our next session and thus become more efficient in the betterment of the schools under his jurisdiction.

Respectfully submitted,
GILBERT MOODY,
JOHN B. EASTMAN,
W. T. LYNCH,
Committee.

All of the above resolutions were adopted.

Supt. Bayle announced that next year's institute would be held two weeks later than usual in order to secure instructors of national reputation.

Miss Hamilton—Socializing the Community. Make the school the center of social life of the community. Have fun and funny stories a great feature of these meetings.

Make the subject of the advanced grades more interesting by applying the subjects to the affairs of the community. Find out how people engaged in the various industries make a living. Find out the cost of merchandise, expenses, freight and other expenses, selling prices and arrive at the profits of business. These problems worked out by the pupils themselves furnish a stronger motive for study than the text-book lessons. Point the uses of public improvements as teaching the method of raising taxes to pay for them. Find out what crops and what kinds are profitable and what are not. In reading the literature, set up a strong motive for reading. Let them find some evidence of qualities of the characters admiring the selection. Regional geography is the natural method of the subject in the advanced grades. Find why people of the various regions follow the occupations they do. Find the causes in the physiographic features of the section studied. The question of discipline resolves itself into life study of white heat. Institute adjourned noon.

Arrested on Hold-Up Charge.

About nine o'clock last Sunday while Antonio Varnatola, who is employed as a track walker on the Pennsylvania railroad between Keating Summit and Gardeau, was walking along the track in Liberty township, the train suddenly confronted by two men who jumped out from behind a small shelter house along the track, covered him with revolvers and commanded him to halt. One look at the men and revolvers was enough for Antonio and he ran toward Keating Summit as fast as his legs would carry him, where he arrived out of breath, and he reported the same to his foreman, who in turn notified the company's officers and yesterday Captain of Police S. S. Conover of the Pennsylvania railroad force apprehended Antonino Ascone who was found to be a walking arsenal. He had a loaded revolver, a dirk and also a razor in his pockets. He was identified by Antonio Varnatola and the operator at R. W. tower as one of the two men who had held up the track walker and he was brought to Port Allegany Tuesday night and given a hearing before Justice Allen who committed him to jail in default of $500 bail, to await the action of the grand jury. Ascone should get a long term in the pen.—Port Allegany Reporter.

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Subscribe for the MINER.

Halloween Pumpkins.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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"SAM CUSHING, I do believe!"

Sam turned quickly at the hearty voice, his face lighting up. In the old days Tom Wilbur had been his best friend, his school chum and companion in many a scrape. But as he grasped the hand his face clouded a little.

"Glad to see you, Tom," he forced himself to say. Then he glanced hastily down the car as though expecting to see some one else.

"Oh, yes, Ned Brooks is here, too," said Tom, answering the glance. "But he's the only one, for I've been through the whole excursion train to see if I could find anybody I knew. Odd I should strike at the very last end of the last car the fellow I most wanted to see. Big Jim the west is sending down to Jamestown, isn't it, Sam? Do you know, why I took a train over this roundabout branch of the road? Well, it was just so I could pass through our old town. That's what Ned says too. And I wouldn't wonder," looking at Sam inquiringly, "if you come this way for the same purpose?"

"Yes," briefly. "It's been seven years since I was there, and we're only twenty minutes from it now. How—how is Mattie?"

"Mattie? Oh, wait a minute till I call Ned. He'll want to see you and be in the talk."

Tom threw his shoulders back, followed his hands over his mouth and hailed a resounding, "Hey, Ned!" over the heads of the intervening passengers, then crowded himself down beside Sam.

"Mattie, you said? Why, you know as much about her as I, or, no—let's see. You left seven years ago and Ned and I about six. Haven't you had any news of Boyville since then?"

"No."

"What, I'd sort of forgotten. Left in disgust of Mattie, didn't you?"

Sam's face paled a little.

"All that's gone by, Tom," he said hastily. "Suppose we don't bring it up any more. Besides, Mattie's your wife, I guess."

"Mattie my wife? Good land!" Sam, you've never thought that? Not I was pretty sweet on her, I remember, and after you left I did have some hopes myself, but it never got to a head, though, when she settled her house and went over to her uncle's in the next county to keep school. The next day Bill Bates, you know Bill owned the place just across the road from hers—well, Bill shut up his house and started for the next county too. Ned and I followed a week later."

Tom grinned reminiscently.

"We both of us had relatives in her uncle's neighborhood," he went on, "and we hung around pretty much a year before we screwed up courage to speak, sometime and did not become engaged—Mattie and Ned, I mean—and sometimes acted like sheepish. Then one evening I made a wild dash and beat Ned with Mattie on the way to the schoolhouse, and in the afternoon Ned spoiled. That night we bought tickets for the west, went into business and in six months had married as the girls as there are between Cincinnati and Sacramento."

Sam was sitting very erect now, with his hand grasping the seat arm as though about to spring up and dash away. Ned had joined them and was listening with stifled amusement.

"And Bill Bates," demanded Sam fiercely, "did he—"

"Oh, it's Bill all right," drawled Tom. "He went about the whole thing in a straight-out, businesslike way. Didn't have an acquaintance in the next county to visit, so bought a farm joining her uncle's, just like he and Mattie had neighbored at home, and in a week they were out buggy riding together. But what gets me is how she can put up with him after turning down us three. Bill Bates is the meanest white man that ever lived. Never spent a cent on anybody except himself, and after they got married he must have led Mattie a life of it. The only decent things about Bill is—he's got spunk and he'll stick to a thing like a dog after a woodchuck."

"They did get married, then?"

There was something in the voice that made Tom look at his friend curiously.

"Of course—or, that is, I suppose so. They were buggy-riding when we left, and you know how Bill stuck to a thing. But what difference does it make to you, Sam? Your wife—you're married, ain't you?"

"No."

Tom gave an expressive whistle, then added simply, "Well, I'm sorry, old man, but after she said no you ought to have braced up and tried to forget it all."

"She never said no," Sam blurted out almost involuntarily. "It was you, Tom, that I had words with her about. I was jealous."

"Then you were a fool and deserved all you got," Tom snapped. "I've wondered how she could drop you for Bill Bates. I see now. You gave her to him."

Ned Brooks had looked away, as though not to hear, but that he had heard was evidenced by his turning suddenly with:

"See here, fellows, what's the reason we can't stop over and see the town—part of it—for a few hours to night?"

"And lose our excursion tickets?" asked Tom.

"What's tickets to seeing one's town? Besides, we might be able to fix them up' with the agent. Do you know what night this is?" significantly.

"October the—why, Halloween, of course!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, Halloween. Remember the field beyond Mattie Vaughan's house, where punpkins are always grown, and how we did up Bill Bates?"

He grinned reminiscently, and Tom broke into a loud guffaw. Even Sam smiled.

"Bill Bates may have spunk in some ways," said Ned, "but he's a coward all right when it gets dark. My, how he did run that night when he saw three pumpkins, with their big eyes blazing all sorts of terrible things, rushing at him through the dark! Boys! He was on his way to call on Mattie that night, you know, and when she heard of it she wouldn't speak to him for a month."

"It wasn't mean trick," declared Sam.

"Of course it was," promptly. "Just like lots of others we did in those days. They were the best and fun to come out. And I feel a stirring within me now that says there is just one more, which must occur before I can settle down to quiet, peaceable citizenship. My proposal is that we go to the good old field, which, of course, has its annual contribution of lighting, over our heads with the thirty biggest we can find and lay a visit in Bill Bates. If he isn't visible, we will throw a pebble against a door or window and draw him out."

"Maybe he isn't at home," said Tom.

"Our Bill Bates not at home!" derisively. "Why, man alive, it costs money to be away from home, and Bill never did that but once in his life, and then Mattie was the excuse. That was seven years ago. His home farm was more profitable than the little one he bought in the next county, so he's there all night."

"And Mattie with him," gloomily.

"I'm not going to frighten Mattie."

"With pumpkin heads?" pooped Ned.

"Ned, I—I—think you're—Well, Why, Mattie Vaughan, as Bates could count a whole deal of such pumpkin heads as you're and not quiver an eyelash! It's Bill we're going to annihilate. And if Bill's got Mattie, as of course he has, it's dead sure he isn't treating her right, and a little Halloween visit may do him good. We'll cross the road, do the little missionary act and then toss our heads over into Bates' yard as souvenirs and skurry through the woods to the little station a mile above and catch the next train. Perhaps we can convince the conductor that our tickets are valid on his train and so not lose them. But, anyway, they're of secondary consideration."

He leaned forward, peering through the window.

"Only about four minutes," he added, "and it's beginning to grow dark. What do you say?"

"No," answered Sam decidedly. "It's a fool thing at best."

"Dare, dare and double dare—call you a coward if you back down," said Ned solemnly.

Sam's mouth twitched a little. It was an invocation his boyhood had never refused.

"Oh, come, Ned," he expostulated, "don't be silly."

"Dare, dare and double dare, Ned repeated inexorably.

Tom laughed and nodded, then turned to Sam and joined in the dog-gerel, while Ned was repeating for the third time.

"No escape now, Sam," Tom chuckled.

The train began to slacken.

Sam hesitated, then rose suddenly.

"Oh, well what's the odds?" he exclaimed. "We can dodge off the train, have a little fun and get away without any one being the wiser. And—and—I wouldn't mind seeing Bill side-step a little."

When the train slacked they dropped from the side opposite the platform and slipped past the freight house and down a back alley. Half an hour later they were in the well remembered lot—which they found still kept up its reputation—selecting the three largest pumpkins they could find.

Mattie Vaughan's house was just beyond, dark and gloomy, with the depressing influence which an empty house usually gives. The three young men, who had dropped over the fence with suppressed chuckles, grew silent as they glanced covertly toward it. The old house had associations for all of them.

Just across the street was Bill Bates' house, with a dim light in one of the windows. Sam's gaze watched the window hungrily for a shadow to pass between it and the light. Mattie was over there, of course, and the light was the single light a symbol of Bill's penurbiousness?

At the thought Sam's face darkened menacingly, and he gouged the eyes of the pumpkin a little larger. It was all the rejoicing he could make, but it should be as effective as possible. The hate he could not show personally should blaze out through the pumpkin head's eyes.

At last all was ready, and then they waited another half hour until it was sufficiently dark for their purpose, until their forms could be seen at arm's length as only the dimmest of shadows. Then they lighted up and stole along inside the fence, designing to pass through Mattie's gate and thence advance upon the enemy. One rod, two rods, and the corner of the house loomed darkly on their right. Another step, and—

"Aha! Caught you, have I? Now let me see who you are, so I can get a settlement for my pumpkins. They

"Now I've got you, Sam Cushing." are my main living now, and I cannot have them stolen even on Halloween."

It was Mattie's voice, deep, rich, musical, de lolve, as they remembered it. All three gasped with hushed breath, and by a common impulse Ned and Tom dropped out their heads against the fence and waited over, and a minute later their feet were heard pounding the road toward the woods. They would carry the news home all right.

Sam could not follow, for Mattie's unyielding grasp was upon him. His half turned, with a first thought of shaking her off, then stood stock still. He could not be rough with any woman, but he raised his arms quickly to extinguish the light.

However Mattie was too swift for him. As his hands grasped the pumpkin it was snatched away, and the blazing light of the eyes whirled upon his face.

"Now I've got—Land o' Liberty! You, Sam Cushing!" the voice changing from the ring of triumph to utter consternation.

"Yes, Mattie," humbly.

"But why—what"—

"Oh, just some fool Halloween idea that several of us talked up. We were on our way to Jamestown, and—and, well," desperately, "we meant to scare your husband."

"My husband?" wonderingly.

"Yes; Bill Bates. We scared him once before, you know, and—and"—

Mattie stared, then seemed to comprehend, for a smothered laugh escaped her lips.

"Bill Bates sold out years ago and went to South America," she said. "A poor sick woman lives in the house over yonder now. Your horrible pumpkin heads might have frightened her to death. So you see what you've escaped."

Sam scarcely heard.

"And you?" he stammered. "I—I thought"—

"That I'd married Bill Bates," impatiently. "You're as big a simpleton as ever, Sam. Bill asked me, as did all the rest of you, and my answer was the same. I've been with my uncle until he died a few weeks ago. Then I settled up his estate and came home. I only got here this morning."

There was a short silence; then:

"You never did really refuse me, Mattie."

"No? Didn't I?" with the first tremulousness in her voice. "Well, perhaps I didn't. But you ran away."

Sam caught her hand with sudden energy.

"I'm back, though, Mattie," he implored. "I—I've been a fool."

Her tremulousness gave way to a rippling laugh.

"That's what I've been waiting seven years to hear you say, Sam. It's a sign of returning reason."

"Then you'll"—

"Of course. Didn't I say I'd been waiting?"

A Long Ordeal.

Judge (to prisoner)—We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions. Prisoner—In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Flattering.

"Do you bake your own pies?"

"Most of 'em.

"Gimme one of the other kind."—Town Topics.

Pimples for the Kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pimples act directly on the kidneys; purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

"HEY, NED!"

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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The comb of tortoise shell has a very pale and translucent yellow, the only really valuable kind of shell.

"Many people think this pale, unmottled shell the cheaper kind," the dealer said. "Do you know why? Because the imitations are all made like this.

"That is one vulgar error about shell. Another is that the tortoise is killed to get his shell casily. That is as absurd an error as it would be to say a sheep was killed to get its wool.

"What is done is this: The fisherman, having caught a tortoise, ties him and then cover his back with dry grass and leaves. They set fire to this stuff, it burns slowly, and the heat causes the thirteen plates of the shell to loosen at the joints. With a knife the plates are pried off and afterward the tortoise is set free. The base, or root, of his shell is intact and will grow again. If tortoises were killed to get their shell they would long since have become extinct.

"No, no. Every tortoise is, as it were, a farm—a shell farm. Fishermen catch him regularly and with heat and a knife neatly remove his shell."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COLORS IN THE OCEAN.

Various Causes For the Different Tints of the Water.

Sky and cloud colors are often reflected in the sea, but just as the air has its sunset glory so water has its changing tints quite apart from mere reflection.

Olive and brown lines in the wakes off the coast come from the muddy sediment washed from the shore, as blues arise chiefly from reflected sky. But there are many other colors in the ocean. On almost every long voyage at sea spots of reddish brown color are noticed at one time or another. When a few drops of the discolored water are examined under a microscope myriads of minute cylinder shaped algae are seen, some separate, some joined together in series. It is this organism, sometimes called "sea saw dust"—which has given the name to the Red sea, although it also abounds in other waters. Sometimes the water far from land will be seen to be of a chocolate hue for an extent of several miles, and this caused by millions upon millions of minute one celled animals, which flash themselves along, each on his erratic individual course, by means of the finest of hair-like threads of cilia.—Pearson's.

The Tracks of the Beasts.

On every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts which here live as scheduled, as safe from molestation as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay of the drinking places by the hurrying streams. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows where an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree, and the coarse hairs are still sticking to the hardened clay. There a boar's sharp tusks are reported at regular intervals, marking the passing of a rhinoceros. Here again is the last grade of a tiger's claws on a stone, and the print of the cloven hoof of wild cattle, sambur and the deer-like bijeh tell of the footsteps of the elephant.—Cornhill Magazine.

Settled the Sign.

When William M. Evarts was secretary of state a new elevator man had been employed in the department who did not know Mr. Evarts by sight. In his car was a conspicuous sign to the effect that by order of the secretary of state smoking was prohibited. One day Mr. Evarts boarded the car in company with a famous senator, the latter smoking a cigar. The new man promptly touched the smoker on the elbow and said, pointing at the notice, "Can't you read that sign?" Mr. Evarts promptly tore down the offending notice and, turning to the elevator man, said: "What sign? I don't see any." The attendant, suspecting something, wisely held his peace, but he followed the pair out and asked the guard at the door who the chap with the large head was. The guard told him.

England's Prettiest Villages.

After a very careful survey we venture to write down the names of the six English villages that we consider the prettiest in the land so far as our own opinion and wide experience are concerned. The choice is made impartially and with full knowledge and due recognition of the claims of each to its high place. Here are the six: Bonchurch, Isle of Wight; Clovelly, Devonshire; Witchampton, Dorset; Sonning, Oxfordshire; Shere, Surrey, and Clapham, Yorkshire.—London Strand Magazine.

Accomplished.

"She's got a future."

"Can she act?"

"No, but she can work her eyes better than any lady in the business, and as for wearing swell clothes—gee, she couldn't do better if she was twins!"—Life.

Very Careful.

Indulgent Uncle—Jack, are you careful about your personal expenses these days? Jack—Yes, sir. I manage with some effort, to make them balance my income to the exact cent.—Chicago Tribune.

The world doesn't really grow worse every time you need medicine.—Galveston News.

It you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefitted we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Eyes of the Camel.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa's Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest, but the beast would not down and must be beaten, the boy meanwhile mouthing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without fear to him self strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

Ahmed had mastered the camel and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses and increase the stature of his master seven times, wherefore he is obedient to the gigantic appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

The Telltale Hand.

A writer in an English weekly declares that if we want to know what the other person is thinking we must look at his or her hands. Even an practiced lips can lie, as every one knows. Long practice in self control will enable one to keep one's voice sweetly cordial when there is nothing but indifference or cold dislike behind it. The eyes can be made to shoot glances which are not at all a register for the emotions. But the hands, it is asserted, are utterly beyond the control of those to whom they belong. Even people who hardly gesticulate at all—and to keep the hands still is considered by the Anglo-Saxon a most essential part of good breeding—even these people are, it seems, constantly revealing themselves in little movements of the hands. The immortal Mulvaney has put it on record, that a woman's truth or untruth can be discerned by the motion of her hands. Of course it takes a practiced reader to interpret what the hands are saying. It is not a case of "he who runs may read."

Queer Furs.

"This is cat fur," said a furrier. "We use it for linings. An excellent Italian cat fur makes a very handsome lining. But skins are employed in certain delicate repairs, and they also serve to form the thumbs of cheap gloves. A queer thing about the fur business is that the furs must be taken in the dead of winter. The trapper must work under the cruelest climatic conditions. Only then is the fur at its best. The dresser, on the other hand, who could work best in cold weather, must do all his work in the heat of summer or otherwise he would not be able to keep up with the changing fashions."—Exchange.

The Magical Mirror.

An ordinary mirror of any size or shape, a piece of French chalk pointed so that it can be used to write and a silk handkerchief are the requisites. Draw upon the mirror with the chalk any design or words you choose. With the handkerchief wipe the glass lightly, until it is perfectly clear and no writing or design is apparent. Having all this prepared beforehand, show to some one and request that he breathe gently on the face of the glass, when he will see a picture of his future wife, for the design drawn will show very distinctly. This can again be wiped off, and if breathed upon the design will be again visible.

An Odorless Disinfectant.

If one objects to the odor of carbolic acid, he may use for the plumbing an odorless disinfectant prepared as follows: Dissolve half a pound of permanganate of potash in four gallons of water and pour this carefully down the pipes. This solution, if allowed to stand in bowls or basins, will stain them purple. The stains may be removed with a weak solution of oxalic acid. The acid must be rinsed off immediately after it has been used.

A Hindrance.

Suburbanite—You are half an hour late this morning. Letter Carrier—Yes, ma'am. The sections of stovepipe I have to wear inside my trousers legs on account of the dogs you keep along this street hamper my movements, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Held on to It.

Mrs. Willful—My husband told me if I didn't like the brooch you'd exchange it for me. Jeweler—Certainly, madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set want it.

Rare Indeed.

How rarely do these three things meet—a man who wants something, is fitted for it and any great number of persons who think he ought to have it!—Exchange.

Crushed.

Stonebroke—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? Heiress—I don't know. If he's anything like me he would.

Parents, and turkeys are always treated well before Christmas.—Atchison Globe.

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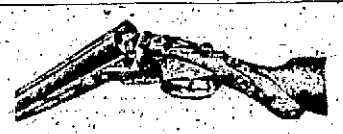

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If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disagreeable, catarrhal, pelvic drain, dragging-down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or other derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hospital surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and local treatments of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home. "Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription;" it will not perform miracles. It will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this remedy of known composition.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative; two or three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Edna Hallman has recovered from her attack of typhoid fever.

—Charles Lemmler, who has been ill with typhoid fever, is convalescing but is still confined to his home.

—Local hunters have been meeting with pretty good success of late. Partridges are fairly plentiful and rabbits are more numerous than they have been in several years.

—Mrs. William Astor, the first and only leader New York society has ever known, died on Friday, aged 78 years. The cause of her death was heart trouble. For 30 years she has been the undisputed ruler of New York society.

—The National Protective Legion is distributing about $4,000 in dividends. This helps a whole lot in relieving the money stringency in a number of places and the recipients of the checks are feeling very good over the matter.—Kane Republican.

—After lingering eight days with a bullet hole the entire length of his right lung, Harry McKee Moore, 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Moore of Young township, died Monday night at 10 o'clock in Grube hospital, Punxsutawney. The unfortunate boy was accidentally shot by his 12-year-old brother, while examining a new gun.

—A number of boys of Shamokin, Pa., visiting a mountain reservoir near Hickory Ridge Monday, saw the body of a man floating about the water and gave the alarm. Men pulled the body to shore. The authorities were notified and took charge of the body which was identified as that of Frank Kurtz of Hickory Ridge. He had been absent from home several days and the police are undecided whether he was murdered or committed suicide.

—Reports from Tampico, Mexico, show that over 50 lives have been lost in the oil fields as the result of poisonous gases from the big hole in the ground, caused by the burning oil gusher extinguishing some time ago. Following the death of a score of men a few days ago, another party went into the field, and it is said, were paralyzed among the dead being several soldiers sent to the scene by the Mexican government. The government has called upon the eminent scientists in Mexico to go to the scene and investigate the situation.

—H. M. Hurlburt, an Erie mail clerk, forgot the peril of the mail catcher to pick up a mail pouch in Addison yesterday afternoon. Instead of catching the mail sack, the catcher hooked an Adrian farmer who was loading potatoes in a car alongside the track. Although the train was going 50 miles an hour, the farmer was dropped from the catcher unhurt. When the catcher swung back Hurlburt was struck on the head and suffered a serious cut, says Monday's Star.

—Harold W. Root, aged 22 years, a switchtender employed by the B., R. & P. at East Salamanca, was killed by a light engine at that place early Tuesday morning and his body was badly mangled. Root lived in Olean and had been in the employ of the railroad but a few weeks. The body was taken in charge by Undertaker Hammond after Coroner Martin had been notified, and Tuesday evening was shipped to Olean to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Root. Besides his parents, he leaves a number of brothers and sisters in Olean.—Bradford Era.

—On Friday, Henry Farman demonstrated the practicability of his improved aeroplane by flying direct from Mourmelon to Rheims, France, a distance of 20 miles, in the remarkable time of 20 minutes. Before his flight Farman intimated that he had grown tired circling aimlessly about and that he intended to make an attempt at establishing a record for a straight away flight. He said by accomplishing this feat that once and for all it would be thoroughly and satisfactorily demonstrated that the aeroplane is a practical adjunct in military equipment.

—The Bureau of Engraving and Printing has completed designs suggested by Postmaster General Meyer for a new issue of United States postage stamps. The new stamps will be of the following denominations: One cent, two cent, eight cent, ten cent, fifteen cent, fifty cent and one dollar. The two dollar and five dollar denominations now in use will not be reprinted. It will be several weeks before all the denominations will be put on the market. However, the two cent stamp will be the first distributed, and it is expected that shipments to postmasters will commence sometime in November.—Leader-Dispatch.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequaled in cases of weak back, aches, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic and act promptly. Don't delay, for delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A ROYAL FUNERAL.

Strange Ceremonies That Mark the Burial of a Spanish King.

Strange and almost weird is the ceremonial which accompanies the burial of Spanish kings. The pantheon, or royal tomb, is at the palace of the Escurial, situated 3,000 feet above the level of the sea and some distance from the capital. Only kings, queens and mothers of kings are buried there, the coffins of the kings lying on one side, those of the queens on the other. After lying in state for several days in the throne room in Madrid an enormous procession is formed, accompanying the body to the Escurial. A halt is made on the way, and the corpse rests there for one night.

In the morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and says in loud tones, "Is your majesty pleased to proceed on your journey?" After a short silence the procession moves on and winds up to the grand portal of the palace. These doors are never opened except to admit a royal personage, dead or alive. When the casket containing the remains is at last placed in the vault the chamberlain unlocks it and, kneeling down, calls with a loud voice: "Senor! Senor! Senor!"

After a solemn pause he cries again: "His majesty does not reply! Then it is true, the King is dead!"

He then locks the coffin, gives the key to the prior and, taking his staff of office, breaks it in pieces and flings them at the casket. The booming of the guns and the tolling of bells announce to the nation that the king has gone to his final resting place.

QUEER TELEGRAPH POLES.

Made of Adobe in Bolivia—Growing Trees Used in Africa.

The most original telegraph line in the world was extended from the capital of Bolivia, La Paz, to the town of Oruro. In this part of Bolivia there are no growing trees, and wood is so difficult to find that even the ordinary household furniture of the natives is invariably made not of wood, but of dried mud or adobe.

So when the war broke out between Chile and Bolivia and a telegraph line became urgent it was adobe that was chosen for the queerest telegraph poles in existence. These pillars were built on stone foundations and measured about two feet square at the base with a height of about fifteen feet.

They were placed at intervals of about 300 feet and thus held the wire at a height sufficient to clear the only animal of the country, the llama, and the donkey. The total length of the line was 150 miles.

Among other curious telegraph lines is the one that was erected in Uganda by an English engineer, who could not find any dead wood which would bend and the white ants and all upon the idea of transplanting growing bush with trees to the side of the roads and using them as poles.

In the Dutch East Indies growing trees are turned to account also, but there a wire is stretched across the road between the trees on either side and the insulator is suspended in the middle and the line is thus over the road and clear from vegetation.—Chicago Tribune.

Watch Springs.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of nine pieces, and its mainspring is broken up into 2,000 distinct and separate sections.

Half a spring, which weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch, and a mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year.

The value of springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold.

How He Managed It.

The bishop of Richmond told a good story about his father. "He was a farmer," said Dr. Pulleine, "and a nice old gentleman too. One year he took it into his head to grow flax, so he sowed the seed and, having a good crop, sent it away to be made into a tablecloth. Some time later when seated at dinner he remarked to a lady near him, 'Do you know, I grew this tablecloth myself?' 'Did you really?' she answered with the greatest surprise. 'However did you manage it?' 'Well,' most mysteriously, 'if you'll promise not to tell any one I'll tell you. I—planted a napkin.'"—London Mail.

Her Assistant.

The authoress of whom Pflegende Blatter tells said that she was very happy in her married life.

"I find my husband such a help!" she added fervently.

"Indeed!" said her friend. "Does he cook or write?"

Thought of Him.

Papa—Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away? Grace—Yes; we heard a man kicking up a great row about his breakfast at the hotel, and mamma said, "That's just like papa."

Economy.

Howell—How many meals a day do you have? Powell—Two. We have breakfast, and then it takes my wife until dinner time to decide what to have for lunch.—New York Press.

The only useless and formidable thing in nature is why.—Emerson.

Ely's Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

The Unalloyed Joy That Came With the Little Red Scarf.

"I was wondering the other day what one thing had given me the most pleasure in the world," said the village deacon. "I had to go back a long ways—clear back into the blessed Santa Claus days—but I recalled it. It was a scarf I found in my stocking one bright Christmas morning. I got a red one, and my brother got a blue one. I was a mighty proud boy that morning as I trudged downtown with that red scarf around my neck. I wore it every day until the birds began to sing in the springtime and the kids were hunting up their marbles. I don't now remember who gave it to me for what became of it, but I do know that the memory of it still clings like a benediction.

"Since the days of that little red scarf I have had things of far more intrinsic value. I have worn lodge emblems of high degree, I have had a gold watch and chain, I once had a pair of shoes that cost $5 and a necktie that cost twice as much as the little red scarf. Nay, more, I once tackled a plug hat. But among these things do I recall none that gave me such genuine and unalloyed pleasure, such a swelled up feeling, as did that little red scarf way back in the days when the wolf sat but in the road and howled. 'Tis the little red scarf days that stir the memory with it might have been."—Osborn (Kan.) Farmer.

PLAIN JOHN SMITH.

How His Name Changes in Various Parts of the World.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in the novels, and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian spoofs it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniard renders it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Smidt; the French flatters it out to Jean Smett, and the Irishman sneezes and barks Jodoff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the fog trade in Canton he becomes Jovitn Shmidt. If he clambers about Mount Hecla the Icelanders say he is Johns Smitsson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smithta; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmitzwicki; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of him as Shonkin Shmith when he goes to Mexico he is hooked as Jonith D'Smithi; if of a high third and he lingers among Greek isles he turns to Ion Smithos and in Turkey he is at once transformed into Ali Jonathan Smithi.

Mystery of a Cookbook.

Somebody has figured out the cookbooks.

"It takes a good deal to make me wonder," said the publisher, "but I received a jolt in the ordinary line the other day that set me thinking. In looking over the manuscript of a cookbook that had been submitted for our approval I was struck by this instruction to many of the recipes, 'Good for boarding house table.' Now, why that distinction? Isn't anything that is good enough for a boarding house table good enough for any other table, and isn't anything that is good enough for any other table good enough for a boarding house table? Judging by the way those particular recipes read, they may result in some rather tasty dishes. Then why limit them to boarding houses?"—New York Globe.

His Successor.

Shortly after the death of one of England's greatest poets a devoted admirer of his visited the little Westmorland village, where the poet had lived and died to gaze reverently at his house, the little church and at some of his favorite haunts where some of his immortal poems were composed.

Seeing an old man a native of the village, the stranger entered into conversation with him, remarking sadly on the death of the poet, to which the old man answered kindly and encouragingly:

"Aye, aye, still I mak' na doobt but t' wife 'll carry the bizness on."

Brief and Pithy.

An American law journal has quoted the charge to a jury delivered by a certain Judge Donovan as the shortest on record. The judge said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe the plaintiff find a verdict for plaintiff and fix the amount. If you believe the defendant find a verdict for defendant. Follow the officer."

But an English periodical caps this brief charge by quoting a shorter one delivered by Commissioner Kerr. He said to a jury:

"That man says prisoner robbed him. The prisoner says he didn't. You settle it."

Plagiarism.

At the literary club a sympathetic crowd surrounded the humorist, whose house had been robbed.

"They cleaned out everything," said the man—"everything, but, thank goodness, they didn't swipe from my desk the manuscript column of jokes for next week's paper."

"Perhaps they knew," suggested a sometimer cynically, "that the jokes had already been swiped."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Liberality.

Little Jimmie, who had just received a box of mixed candy, passed it around to treat the family, saying: "Help yourself to all the chocolates you want. I don't like them."—Exchange.

Tired mothers, worn out by the peevish, cross baby, have found Cascarets a boon and a blessing. Cascarets is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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CHANCES IN GAMBLING.

The Rule of the Unexpected at the Tables in Monte Carlo.

There are systems, some will say, that will defeat the bank at Monte Carlo. I have not found one. Two factors settle all systems. One is the bank's limit, which prevents the doubling system so often advocated; the second, the extraordinary idiosyncrasies of chance. Red or black will often run in long series. I saw fifteen reds come up in succession on one occasion, seventeen uneven numbers in an unbroken series on another. One evening on a losing day I was playing on the first six numbers and persistently for some hours the last twelve numbers invariably turned up. Once I saw 21 come up four times in succession when mathematically it should have taken 144 coups to make it show that number of times, and still more strange that on this occasion each time it came up a gentleman had staked the limit on the number—namely, 180 francs—winning in ten minutes something over 24,000 francs. One readily sees by these instances the unexpected very often happens—in fact, more often—that not.—Arthur Hewitt, in Bohemian Magazine.

The Hog.

No other animal has been more modified by civilization and none reverts more quickly to the original wild type than the hog. Three generations of running wild suffice to turn the smooth, round, short snouted razor-back or hazel splitter thin, lank, leggy, lop eared, sharp snouted, an animal in bristles, running like a deer, if running be possible, fighting as only a wild hog can fight when battle is imperative. The tusks, which have been half obliterated in the process of civilization, get back size and strength. At a year old they are formidable, at two murderous, at three or five more deadly than a sword. They afford certain index of age up to six years, but are commonly broken in fights long before that time. Wild boars are very ill tempered and when worsted in fighting often revenge themselves by ripping the flank from arbs as high as they can reach.

Her Exercise.

Many readers think insufficient exercise is responsible for worrying moods.

"Dare I whisper it," writes one correspondent, "though I am a practical woman, with two bonnie bairns, when my worries and trouble prove too much for me I steal myself up in my room and dance a wild Scotch reel. I always did it when I got in a temper as a child as a sort of vent to my feelings, and I do it still and probably shall continue to do so as long as I'm sufficiently near etc."

Certainly a method to prove sufficiently effective to exercise any demon of worry if lack of exercise is the cause of it.—Home Chat.

A Bad Quarrel.

"Why don't you try to get him to settle down?"

"He's his own worst enemy."

"Well?"

"It's pretty hard to patch up that kind of a quarrel."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Describing the Climate.

"Is your climate changeable?" asked the stranger.

"Not very," answered Farmer Corntossel. "It keeps shiftin' around a little till it strikes a kind of weather nobody likes, then it sticks."—Washington Star.

Just Like Her.

Hewitt—I didn't know that you lived on the first floor. I understood your wife to say that you lived on the second floor. Jewett—If you knew my wife you would know that she always stretches a story.—Exchange.

They Married.

Trotter (who has been abroad)—So Maud and Charlie finally married? Miss Homer—Yes. Trotter—I suppose they are happy. Miss Homer—Undoubtedly; they each married some one else.—Chicago News.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

BAKED GOODS
TOBACCO
CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1908.

Now, we can get down to business once more.

THAT big Bryan vote in Smethport did not materialize. Taft had 275 votes and Bryan 111.

THE magnificent vote given Guy B. Mayo for District Attorney, is an excellent endorsement of his good work of the past.

OUR grand old State still holds the lead with big Republican pluralities. Mr. Taft carried the State by about 500,000.

AND now Missouri has got into the Republican. Even though the official count only gives Taft a plurality it is a great victory.

THE big vote given Frank R. Foster for Clerk of the Courts should make him feel extremely proud, but Frank is a man who takes victory very modestly.

THE new board of County Commissioners will be John A. Petelson, A. M. Marsh and A. Devine. All are excellently qualified men and the choice of the people was wise.

JOHN P. EASTMAN, was again elected Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court by a large plurality which shows that the voters appreciate the right man for that place.

THAT young man from Centre county who was going to do such great things after he was elected to Congress did not carry a single county in the district against Congressman Charles F. Barclay.

B. F. STARSEY has every reason to feel proud of the vote he received in this county. Despite the fight that was put up against him, he was elected Prothonotary over W. G. Holder by about 2175 plurality.

H. M. CHOATE did not make much of a hustle to be re-elected Recorder and he did not have to. A vast majority of the voters of the county appreciate his excellent services and his big majority is no surprise.

HON. JAMES A. MCKEAN was the high man on the Legislative ticket but this is no surprise to his many friends throughout the county, for they know him to be one of the best all around and most popular men in the county.

OTTO G. FOELKER, the State Senator who arose from a sick bed to go to Albany last spring and cast the deciding ballot which made possible the passage of Gov. Hughes' anti-race track betting law, was elected to Congress from the third district in Brooklyn, as a Republican.

DESPITE the determined effort made to defeat William H. Morrison for Sheriff, he won out by about 800 plurality, and his many friends all over the county are tendering him hearty congratulations. Mr. Morrison is the right man to fill this important office and the voters realize this fact.

OUR friends A. A. Abbey and A. R. Anderson, Republicans and A. R. Cory, Democrat in the town elected County Auditors. Messrs. Abbey and Anderson were elected by deservedly large pluralities and Mr. Cory was well ahead of his running mate, owing to his popularity throughout the county.

HON. F. E. BALDWIN, State Senator elect from this district, has every reason to feel proud of the handsome plurality he received in McKean county, the home of his boyhood. Mr. Baldwin was busy looking after his interests in other counties and trusted to his friends in this county to look after his interests here, without giving it much of his personal attention, and his plurality of upwards of 2000 shows that he trusted aright.

MANY people and factions will claim most of the credit for the election of Burton W. Hilton to the Legislature. The local optionists will say it is due entirely to the temperance wave that is sweeping over the country. The Democrats will tell that their party is growing stronger in McKean county. Lewis Emery, Jr., will say "he was elected because I so willed it." The Democrat and Mt. Jewett Herald will say it was because we were for him. But the real reason is because Mr. Hilton is one of the most popular men in McKean county and because he is personally acquainted with and liked by nearly every voter in the county. We congratulate Mr. Hilton on his success and hope that he will make as many friends in the next Legislature as he has in Smethport and vicinity.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

The President has issued the annual Thanksgiving proclamation in which he points out the steady growth of the nation in strength worldly power, wealth and population and states that our average of individual comfort and well-being is higher than that of any other country in the world. For this he declares, Americans owe it to the Almighty to show equal progress in moral and spiritual things.

The Proclamation follows:

Once again the season is at hand when, according to the ancient custom of our people, it becomes the duty of the President to appoint a day of prayer and of thanksgiving to God.

Year by year this nation grows in strength and worldly power. During the century and a quarter that has elapsed since our entry into the circle of independent people we have grown and prospered in material things to a degree never known before and not now known in any other country. The thirteen Colonies which struggled along the seacoast of the Atlantic and were hemmed in by a few miles west of tidewater by the Indian-haunted wilderness, have been transformed into the mightiest republic which the world has ever seen. Its domains stretch across the continent from one to the other of the two greatest oceans, and it exercises dominion alike in the arctic and tropic realms. The growth in wealth and population has surpassed even the growth in territory. Nowhere else in the world is the average of individual comfort and material well-being as high as in our favored land.

For the very reason that in material well-being we have thus abounded, we owe it to the Almighty to show equal progress in moral and spiritual things. When a nation, as with the individuals who make up a nation, material well-being is put into unstable foundation. But the foundation avails nothing by itself. That life is wasted, and worse than wasted, which is spent in piling heap upon heap, those things which minister merely to the pleasure of the body and to the power that rests only on wealth. Upon material well-being as a foundation, must be raised structure of the lofty life of the spirit, if this nation is properly to fulfill its great mission and to accomplish all that we so ardently hope and desire. The things of the body are good; the things of the intellect are better; but best of all are the things of the soul; for, in the nation as in the individual, in the long run it is character that counts. Let us therefore, as a people, set our faces resolutely against evil, and with broad charity and kindliness, and good will toward all men, but with unflinching determination to stamp down wrong, strive with all the strength that is given us, for righteousness in public and private life.

Now, therefore, I, President Roosevelt, President of the United States, do set apart Thursday, the 26th day of November, next, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day I recommend that the people shall cease from their daily work, and in their homes or in their churches, meet devoutly to thank the Almighty for the many and great blessings they have received in the past, and to pray that they may be given strength so to order their lives as to deserve a continuation of these blessings in the future.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-third.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. C[illegible]grove[illegible],
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

W. Harrison Walker's finish in the Congressional race.

40 Acre Farm, With Stock, Crops, Tools, 2 Miles From Olean, For Only $3,850.

We offer for sale a farm of 40 acres, level land, all cleared except three acres of oak and chestnut timber in pasture. Good fences, good water, located two miles from Olean, N. Y., one mile from Allegany, N. Y., on R. F. D. One-half mile from trolley line. Good house of nine rooms, two good barns, granary, corn crib, chicken house, nice orchard. With the farm we offer five cows, one calf, good horse, 40 chickens, two wagons, complete outfit of farm tools and machinery, 20 tons of hay, six acres of oats in barn; two acres fine potatoes, nice lot of fruit and some garden truck. Everything for only $3,850. Part cash, long time on balance. This farm is adapted for dairying, poultry-raising and truck gardening and is only two miles from a city of 18,000 with fine markets every day in the year. Possession at once. Will take Olean residence property in exchange. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
Bolivar, N. Y.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hughers & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Almon Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Almon Wordworth, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

JOHN L. ROWLEY, Administrator.
Ceres, P. O., Oct. 5, 1908. October 8, '08.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$100,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

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No smoke, no soot, no flicker.
"Family Favorite" LAMP OIL.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.,
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, - - PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

A Great Sacrifice of Millinery.

Rather than move them will sell for the next 30 days everything below cost. Everything new and up-to-date. No old stock.

Call and see them before buying elsewhere.

MRS. S[illegible]ING,
Hill St., next to Orc[illegible]'s Grist Mill,
Smethport, Pa.

Buffalo's Great Popular Department Store,
460-470 Main Street.

H. A. MELDRUM CO.

We Open the New Fall Suits for Women

With two offers never before equaled in Buffalo—or anywhere else. We will fill your mail order—or if you come here in person, we refund your railroad fare under the conditions of the Retail Merchants' Board.

Fashionable Man-tailored Suits of Broadcloth, Cheviot and Striped Worsteds—three-quarter semi-fitted coats, double or single breasted, lined entirely with soft satin—full-flaring skirt with wide fold. Choice of green, brown, wine, grey and black $15.00

Beautifully Tailored Suits of Striped Worsted or Broadcloth—coat 36 inches long, lined with guaranteed satin, and trimmed with tailored straps of same material—notched collar and turnback cuffs. The full-flaring skirt has self-folds. Choice of all the newest shades $19.75

This month we are selling the Rug Stock of a big Department Store which we bought under price. Save a heap of money on your New Rug!

Join Our Fall Piano Club!

Get a $275.00 Piano for $195.00—pay $5.00 down and $1.00 weekly—and besides we give your son or daughter a course of 20 Free Lessons in the Celebrated (Buffalo) Elmwood Conservatory of Music.

H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

STEP INTO OUR
TAILORING DEPARTMENT

for a few moments, we want to show you what's new in Suitings and Overcoatings. We have many handsome patterns confined to us for this locality. Woolens can't be described on paper, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Hobby

is to please you, satisfy you and become your Permanent Tailors.

Suits for Young Men.

Here are the new ideas—Suits of nobby, snappy cloths, square shoulders, and cut just the right length. If you want to know what's going to be wore, come in and take a look at them, it won't cost you anything. Besides we like to show these suits to our young friends.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Olean's Big Department Store.

How About New Furs?

Quite time to think, and think hard, about such warm, comfortable, beautiful things.

"Are they many here?" You'll think so when you stand here, with Collars, and Muffs, and Sets, and Stoles, and Children's Furs on every side.

They are Coney, Jap Mink, Blended Squirrel, Alaska Mink and beautiful Black Lynx, in Collars, Neck Ties, Scarfs, Stoles, Etc., at prices $1.50, $2.50, $3.98, $5.00, $7.50, and so on up the scale to $75.00.

Included in the showing are a full line of the Pillow Muffs to match each style of Fur at prices ranging from $2.50 to $35.00 and upwards.

You'll Enjoy our Showing of Fur Coats too.

They are styled first by fashion experts, then the furriers put on the finishing touches and the completed garment is a marvel of high class work both as to style and to fur.

A special this week is a $25.00 Fur Coat, half-fitting, 24 inches in length, high collar, lined throughout with a fine quality of satin, for $18.00.

A beautiful line of Coney, Blended Squirrel and River Mink Coats, different lengths and styles, ranging in price from $2.50 to $150.00.

Surely This is the Store to Buy Your Furs

BELL BROTHERS

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

Marlin
A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger.
Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gunlovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps, postpaid.
The Marlin Firearms Co.,
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the trade of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DR[illegible]
GOODS FOR FA[illegible] USE A SPECIALTY
[illegible] St. W. H. Hunger[illegible]d, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Coats and Suits for present wear are selling freely, and the assortment is at its best. Call and see them.

Children's Coat Line

Several hundred Coats on the racks today—are to be reduced and sold rapidly. We mean to sell more Children's Coats than ever before and a reduction in price always accomplishes that end. If the little ones are ready for new Coats we are ready to supply them at a great saving for you.

Sizes from 2 to 20. All at a saving.

Patrician Shoes

at $3.50 and $4.00, for all occasions. We have them.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Election day was perfect.

—"And the next day it snowed."

—Paw Hallowe'en pranks were played by the youngsters here last Saturday night.

—Charles McVean is ill at his home. It is said that he is threatened with typhoid fever.

—Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—When Smethport polls 412 votes it is going some, but Tuesday was a beautiful day and everybody got busy in the voting line.

—What the result of Tuesday's election might have been if—but read Monheimer's ad on this page, it relieves you of guessing.

—Elmer Lamb shot and wounded a bear in Gifford Hollow, about two miles from here one day last week, but bruin managed to escape.

—The Smethport Fife and Drum Corps was out Tuesday evening for the first time. They made a good appearance and plenty of music.

—The Travellers' Club will serve luncheon at their club house on Saturday afternoon from 3 till 5 o'clock. All are invited. Refreshments 10 cents.

—The dances at the Lyceum every Saturday night continue to be well patronized. It is a good place to pass away the evening and the admittance is but 50 cents.

—In the excitement which attended a fire that destroyed Joe Wargo's home at Florence mine near Punxsutawney, his 3-year-old daughter was left asleep behind the kitchen stove and burned to death.

—Misses Margaret Koenig and Bessie Engstrom entertained twelve of their friends Saturday evening at the home of Miss Koenig. Refreshments were served and a delightful evening passed by those present.

—It is reported from an authoritive source that within as short time a survey will be made for a trolley line from Kane to Sheffield under the direction of a number of Kane gentlemen. A charter is held by them for the line, and it will probably be built during the next two years. As the line would pass through some good territory it should be a paying investment.—Warren Times.

—The borough schools were closed at 2 o'clock this afternoon on account of the water being shut off.

—A report of the State Convention held in Sharon a short time ago will be given at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. Saturday, Nov. 7, in the M. E. church. Visitors will be cordially welcomed, and a good attendance desired. At 2:30.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. At East Smethport, services and Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. The rector will preach on "How God speaks to us," and "Gehazi—or Lying for Gain."

—About eighteen of the friends of Miss Eva Davis of Colegrove pleasantly surprised her last Thursday evening. Games were played until about 11 o'clock when a bountiful luncheon was served and all went home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

—William M. Abrams, Jr., yesterday afternoon just to keep in trim, walked to Duke Center in three hours. The distance is about fourteen miles. Mr. Abrams is planning for his next annual walking outing. He will walk from Buffalo to Chicago and will be accompanied by Frank Graves of this city.—Olean Herald, Monday.

—Fred Axelson died at Hecktoo, Minn., on Thursday, Oct. 29. He had lived at that place for the past eight years and previous to that time he resided in this vicinity for some time. Mr. Axelson was a hard-working, industrious farmer who was highly esteemed in the community where he lived. He is survived by a wife and one son aged about 6 years, his father and mother and two sisters who live in Sweden and three brothers, Charles, John and Lawrence of Smethport. John and Lawrence left on Saturday to attend the funeral.

—The fairly large audience that saw the production of "The Devil" at the Lyceum last Friday evening was well pleased with the production of that much talked of drama. Arthur Berthelot as the artist, Alberta Gallatin as the banker's wife, and Reginald Barlow as The Devil, are all high-class artists, and the supporting company was much above the average. The play pictures a strife between Love and Duty in which The Devil assists Love in winning, and the lesson it teaches is that marriage for money instead of love is dangerous.

—We think the people of Smethport are real rude because they did not have a band down to the train to meet the Kane confestants, and because they did not have a hotel entirely at their disposal, and because some of the [illegible] at the Lyceum had been sold [illegible] and Kanutes had made [illegible] tions, and because Professor Allen objected to the visitors violating the rules of the contest regarding post-graduates, and we think it is just good enough for Smarty Smethport that the judges gave the contestants the points in the debate contrary to the ideas of all who heard it, and we are just glad the contestants told everybody about this shabby treatment in the Kane Republican. So there!

—One afternoon recently a young man of this place, who intended taking a young lady to the theatre that evening, decided to take a little nap in the afternoon, so going to his room he lay down on his bed and was soon in slumberland. The fleet-winged Father Time is no respector of persons, not even the young lover, and when he awoke he discovered that the hour was 10:30, and that the young lady had attended the theatre in company with another. And now instead of merrily humming, "Please go 'way and let me sleep," he often mutters "Backward, oh backward, Time in thy flight."

—Livingston Benninghoff, brother of D. Benninghoff of Bradford, died at his home near Mendville on Saturday, aged 66 years. He was a nephew of John Benninghoff, victim of the historical robbery on Benninghoff run, north of Oil City. It was in the evening of Oct. 16, 1868, that four men, their faces concealed by handkerchiefs, entered the Benninghoff residence, bound the members of the family and looted a safe of $40,000 in bonds and $170,000 in currency. The money was realized by the elder Benninghoff as his share from a oil farm. He was suspicious of banks and kept the money in the house. Although every effort was made at the time to capture the robbers, they escaped and the affair became one of the great unsolved crimes of the oil country.

—The first vote in this borough Tuesday morning was cast by Ransom Beckwith at 7:10. Mr. Beckwith is 95 years of age and walked from his home to the court house, a distance of over one-half mile, arriving there at 6:45. When the polls were opened there were others waiting to deposit their ballots but on account of his extreme age and the fact that he was about the first man to reach the polls he was accorded the privilege of casting the first vote. We think we are safe in saying that Mr. Beckwith was the oldest man in McKean county who cast a vote on Tuesday and he is probably the oldest man in the State who walked to and from the polls. Mr. Beckwith is extremely active for his age and he was about town in the afternoon watching the progress of the contest.

Bush Reunion.

At the homestead farm of Elisha and Hannah Page Bush, on the Port Allegany road three miles from Smethport, on October 27, 1908, a happy gathering took place of the seven surviving sons and daughters of the old pioneer, Elisha Bush. Charles F. Bush of Buffalo, eldest son, living who is 70 years old; John W. Bush, who owns the home he helped to make in the wilderness; Mary E. Bush Howe of Petrville; Andrew J. Bush; Silas G. Bush; Saloma Bush Shelton and Melinda E. Bush Evans, 62 years old, being the youngest of the seven children, of Smethport. Mrs. Cole of Olean and Mrs. Coon of this place, made up the party.

Time has made many changes, and some of us with hair as white as snow enjoyed roaming through the orchard and meadows, talking over our childhood days, and giving lingering looks at the dear old hills that were covered with pine and hemlock in our youthful days, when, tired, we returned to the house where Brother John's good wife, Mary, with her silvery hair looked young and happy as she served the good dinner such as none but farmers can supply, and we all felt that we were home once more.

M. E. EVANS.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from our Circle to "the borne from which no traveler e'er returns," our beloved sister Mary Morrison, resolved

That we deeply mourn the loss of one who had endeared herself to all by her genial, loving disposition, always cheerfully performing any duty or task assigned to her. And while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our dear sister who has been called from her labors to rest.

Resolved, that our heartfelt sympathy be extended to the bereaved family and commend them to "Him who orders all things for the best."

Resolved, that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and spread upon the minutes of the Circle.

GRACE M. BURLINGAME,
ANNA E. CHEESEMAN,
MOLLIE E. PIERCE,
Committee.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness, sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Lost.

A lady's breast-pin or pendant, with small chain attached, set with pearls and small diamonds. Finder, will be rewarded by returning to this [illegible]

Mollie E. Pierce has just received a new stock of hand painted china.

Personal Mention.

Myron Gallup was home from Olean to vote.

Ed McClure came over from Straights to cast his vote.

Miss Celia Perry of Kanson passed Tuesday in town.

J. H. Green of Olean had business in town Wednesday.

Dan Bacon of DuBois was in town a few days this week.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was in Olean the first of the week.

Kenneth Mayo came home from Carlisle on Tuesday to vote.

Miss Lulu Goodrich passed Sunday with friends at Bradford.

Dr. F. C. Pierce was in Warren this week to see his aged parents.

Miss Bess Hurley of Bradford was a business visitor in town to-day.

Arthur Schafer and Howard Klutier left Friday for their homes in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Tom F. Williams of Butler, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Lynn Heinzman of Bradford was the guest of Miss Gertrude Wendell a few days last week.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughter, Harriett, of Olean were visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Pearl Terwilliger was the guest of her father, Myron Terwilliger, at Brockwayville last week.

Misses Ruth Cleveland and Elizabeth Albertson of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday with Miss Alethe Pickersgill.

Miss Leona Hogarth returned Monday from Bradford where she had been visiting relatives for the past week.

Miss Alberta Choate came home Saturday from New York and is visiting at the home of her father, H. M. Choate, on King street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy and daughter, Catherine, passed Sunday with Mrs. Pomeroy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp.

Kodol contains the same digestive juices that are found in an ordinary healthy stomach, and there is therefore, no question but what any form of stomach trouble, Indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia, will yield readily and naturally to a short treatment of Kodol. Try it to-day on our guarantee. Take it for a little while, as that is all you will need to take. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by E. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

My continued illness will prevent my having my store open for the Fall Trade, my stock of Blankets, Robes and Whips are on sale at Hamlin's Hardware Store. I have marked these goods at a figure that it will be to your advantage to call if you are going to buy. Respectfully, CHARLES LEMMLER.

Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

IF

Tuesday's Election

had been for the most popular clothes

PELHAM CLOTHING

would have won by a large majority, because it is the best fitting and swellest clothing in the whole land. WE CAN PROVE IT, because we sell

PELHAM

Suits and Overcoats.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Warm Underwear

Time to put on the heavier underclothing now. Constantly changing temperature makes warm underwear a necessity for the preservation of good health.

This store is equipped to meet your requirements in heavy, light and medium weights in separate garments and Union Suits. Here is a suggestion of what we have. We cannot in this space give you a complete list of our stocks. Come and look them over.

Men's Union Suits, blue, cotton fleeced	per suit $1.00
Men's Union Suits, grey, cotton and wool	per suit $2.00
Men's Union Suits, grey, fine all wool	per suit $3.75
Men's Shirts and Drawers, cotton fleeced	per garment 50c
Men's Shirts and Drawers, grey, ¾ wool	per garment $1.00
Men's Shirts and Drawers, Camel's hair, all wool	per garment $1.50
Men's Shirts and Drawers, grey, medium wt. wool	per garment $1.50
Women's Union Suits, grey or white	per garment 50c to $2.75
Women's Vests and Pants, grey, cream, white	per garment 25c to $1.00
Misses' Union Suits, grey or cream	per garment 50c to $1.25
Boys' Union Suits, grey	per garment $1.00
Boys' and Girls' Vests, Pants and Drawers, grey or cream	per garment 13c to $1.00

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

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Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
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One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

[illegible]tully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pur[illegible]od laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

Vengeance.

By FORBES DWIGHT.

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Cuyler stood on the gate watching the much decorated motor disappear down the road in a cloud of dust, out of which the white ribbons still fluttered in flamboyant fashion.

The ground before him was white with rice, while here and there a decrepit shoe, having done its duty in speeding the parting couple, lay in pathetic neglect, its brief moment of popularity now over.

With a grim smile Cuyler turned on his heel and made his way up the gravel walk, past the groups of pretty, laughing girls, each with its attendant train of satellites.

On the wide veranda the orchestra played lilting waltzes, to which apparently no one was listening, and near by the bride's mother, a portly, rather handsome woman, was talking gayly with a solemn faced young man, whom Cuyler recognized as the officiating rector.

"Where is Elinor?" he asked as Mrs. Trevholme turned to him with a welcoming smile which plainly invited him to join her.

"Elinor? Really, Fritz, I haven't the least idea. Isn't she down there on the lawn?"

Cuyler shook his head.

"She was standing beside me when they entered the motor," he explained, "and after they had started I found she had slipped away."

"I think," the rector interposed, "I saw her going through the house a moment ago. She went through the rear door, if I remember."

"Thank you," said Cuyler. He entered the hall, crossed to the door at the rear and stepped out on the broad veranda that commanded a fine view of the hills to the west.

Below him the formal gardens on the terrace were cool and green and

"TELL THEM HOW I'VE GOT SCARE WITH MARGARET."

his disappointment, apparently deserted.

Lighting a cigarette, she descended the broad steps and sauntered leisurely along the path that led down the terrace.

He had proceeded no great distance when from behind a clump of bay trees he caught the flash of a white dress.

He tossed the cigarette away and turned from the path. Behind the border of bay trees was a rustic seat, and, sitting very straight on this seat, her hands clasped and her eyes a most suspicious red, was Eleanor Trevholme. Cuyler was beside her in an instant.

"Well, well," he said lightly, yet not without a certain touch of gentleness in his voice, "this is rank desertion. It will never do in the world. Aren't you going to ask me to be seated?"

"I came here to be alone," she said doubtfully. "I'm not sure that I want you here just now."

But nevertheless she moved over and made room for him beside her. Cuyler at once took the seat, looking at her searchingly meanwhile.

"You shouldn't feel about it the way you do," he chided gravely.

"And how do you think I feel?" she challenged.

Cuyler looked at her again. "Rather cut up, I fancy," he replied.

"You are wrong. I am not cut up, as you choose to call it, only—only"—

"Only what?" said he.

"Of course he's perfectly splendid," she said slowly, "and I am awfully proud of him, just as we all are, but—but somehow I can't help being selfish. I can't bear the idea of giving up Margaret to him. We've always been together, she and I, and—and—oh, well, I'm selfish, that's all there is to it."

Cuyler saw something glistening in her eyes. A tear coursed slowly down her cheek and hung in ridiculous fashion on the point of her chin. She brushed it away almost savagely.

"You see," Cuyler declared, "I was sure you would feel this way about it. That was why I came out here to find you."

"I'm not sure how I feel about it myself yet," said she.

"Oh, I can make a good guess," he replied. "You are very glad that she is to be happy, and yet there is a little ache in your heart that you can't deny, try as you will to do so. There is an end to something, just what you can't definitely decide, but something has gone out of your life. Of that you are certain. Isn't that true?"

"Yes. That is just it. How did you know so well?" she asked.

Cuyler turned to her, with a smile of understanding. "I have a brother," he said simply. "He was very close to me—closer, indeed, than any one else in the world—until one day he found the other and, of course, the greater happiness, just as your sister has done. It was tremendously lonely without him."

"But you got over it in time?" she asked quickly.

"In a way, yes; in another way, no," said he.

She looked at him questioningly. He was smiling down at her with a certain whimsical gravity.

"There is only one way to get even with these people—this sister of yours and this brother of mine," he asserted.

"And how is that?" she asked.

"Follow suit," said he.

Her brows wrinkled in a perplexed frown. "I don't exactly catch your meaning," she said.

Cuyler suddenly leaned toward her. There was something in his eyes that brought a quick flush to her cheeks.

"Let's not permit these other people to have all the happiness in the world. Let's reserve a little for ourselves," said he.

Her head was turned from him. Presently he saw her shoulders shake convulsively. At the same time she arose from the bench.

"I'm—I'm going down to the pond," she faltered, still refusing to look at him. "Please, please, stay here and don't come until I call you."

"Just a minute, Elinor," he pleaded. "I wanted to say"—

But with a little imperious gesture she moved away, leaving him there somewhat mystified and decidedly angry.

He sat down again on the rustic seat, drew out a cigarette and began smoking furiously. When it was burned out he lighted another and then another.

It was not until his fourth cigarette that a voice sounded faintly from the little pond at the foot of the terrace.

"Fritz!" it called. "Oh, Fritz! You may come now if you like!"

He hurried down the path. Elinor sat on the edge of the little boathouse. Her eyes were very red, and beside her lay a tiny bit of lace, crumpled and very wet.

"Elinor," he said contritely, "I didn't mean to make it any harder for you. I was trying"—

"Listen," she interrupted. "I came down here to have a last grand orgy of feelings all by my lonesome. Whatever tears I have for Margaret I wanted to shed once for all, and that's what I've done. Is I had to shed them now, because—because what you've just said, you know, makes it—makes it oh, Fritz, don't you see?"

The manner in which he sprang to her side told very plainly that he did see.

"And now," she said rather breathlessly a moment later, "we'd better go up to the house and tell them how we got square with Margaret."

Stevenson on Idleness.

If a person could be happy without committing idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept, but, thanks to humor and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused, and within powerful limits it is one of the most incontestible truths in the whole body of morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of needless out to interest and receives a large investment of nervous derangement in return. Rather he absents himself from all fellowship and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a broken ink pot, or he comes among people swiftly and utterly in a contradiction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They wouldn't be happier if he were dead.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Changes in English.

A striking means of measuring the great changes that have from time to time taken place in the English language is to study the Lord's Prayer as it has been written in different centuries:

1150.—Fader ur heune, haleweide beith thi neame, cumip thi Kuneriche, thi wille beoth ilon in heothe and in erthe.

1300.—Fader ure in heuene, halewyn be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi wille be done as in heuene and in erthe.

1370.—Oure fadir that art in heuene, hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come, be thi wille done in erthe as in heuene.

1524.—Oure father which arte in heven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come, thy wyoll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heven.

"Daily bread" appears in three versions, severally as "dawe briend," "days bred," "doyly brede" and, "superstantial bread."

Tolstoy's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstoy's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."

"Does her her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.

"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyoff Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."

"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."

Pleasant, safe, easy, safe little liver Pills, are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Burns, scratches, cuts and burns that other things have failed to cure will heal quickly and completely when you use DeWitt's Carbonized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

MAGIC GLASS.

A Curious Mirror That May Be Made Transparent.

One of the most curious inventions of this age is what is called platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then baked to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to [illegible]

The glass, it is not really lost its transparency, and yet in one place it, against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passersby looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected, while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the magic glass.—New York Tribune.

SPEED LAWS OF 1816.

Coaches Going Nine Miles an Hour Frightened the English.

The outcry daily growing louder in England against the excessive speed of motor cars lends interest to the following passage from the Annual Register for 1816:

"A new coach was started in the spring to run to Brighton, a distance of fifty-two miles in six hours. * * * This, however, became alarming, particularly in the populous neighborhood of Newington, through which it passed, and the parish officers there caused information to be laid against the drivers for driving furiously on the public road so as to endanger the lives of his majesty's subjects.

"The result of this is to be read in Munsard's 'Parliamentary Reports,' June 30, 1818.

"The attorney general moved for leave to bring in a bill the object of which was the protection of the lives and limbs of his majesty's subjects by [illegible] the enormous abuses of stage coach drivers. Within these few days it would be hardly credited what a number of complaints he had received on that subject.

"Some of them were enough to freeze one with horror. A gentleman of respectability had informed him that on Tuesday, May 21, at four, the Tantalizer and Regulator coaches set off from Manchester and got to Liverpool at 8:30, doing this journey in two hours fifty minutes, at the rate of twelve miles an hour."—New York Sun.

Fiji Islanders' Sugar Cane Dance.

A very curious and exceedingly clever dance may be witnessed in Fiji called by the natives "the sugar cane meke," or "sugar cane dance." It represents the growth of the sugar cane. In the first figure the dancers squat low on the ground, shake their heads, shut their eyes and murmur slowly and softly an unintelligible sentence. Gradually they all stand up together, growing taller and taller, and as they "grow" they wave their arms and tremble all over from ankle to head, like the rich tasseled canes waving in the wind, and still they keep on chanting louder and louder. The last figure represents a series of combats meant to symbolize the exactions of the chiefs, who compel the "kuisi," willing and unwilling, to come and cut their crops.—London Standard.

Ambulance Field Examination.

Scene—Hamilton South Haugh; soldier supposed to have been wounded is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers. Bearer reporting.—Severe scalp wound, sir, accompanied with insensibility. Surgeon—Well, what have you done? Bearer—Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whisky and water. Surgeon—Whisky and water! How did you expect the insensible man to swallow that? Bearer—He axed for it, sir.—London Illustrated Bits.

Tricks of the Trade.

Buyers of patent leather should look out for skins in which holes have been neatly covered with a piece of thin paper which is varnished over, the unfinished side being puffed up with a mixture of glue and leather dust.—Shoe Manufacturers' Monthly.

Genius.

As diamond cuts diamond and one bone smooths a seventh, all parts of intellect are whetstones to each other, and genius, which is but the result of the mutual sharpening, is clear after too.—Alfred Tennyson.

Not "The Long Green."

Hicks—They say that the blind can distinguish colors by the sense of touch. Wicks—That's nothing. One doesn't have to be blind to feel like a Boston Transcript.

A Comparison.

In a certain store there is a salesman named Green. Several times a customer has said: "Say, Mr. Green, there's a man in the two doors from me who has a name the same color as yours."

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Perils of Our Dwelling Houses.

The scholars in one of the Fuchow Chinese schools were recently desired to write an essay in English on the subject of "Which Are the Healthier, Chinese or Foreign Dwelling Houses?" One young man "spoke" about the matter with his friends," and they said that the Chinese building is much better than foreigners." This, he adds, was the "senses of their debate."

"The foreign building is too heigh and coverless and always built on the top of the hill. In the summer time it receives the most heat from the sun. The people who living in it is the same as putting in the stove, but in winter it is fully filled by the sharp air which cut the faces of whom living in it. So that the foreigner is compelled to put themselves on fire. The fire would do our bodies harm. As we were prepared our dinner; we put the beef on the fire by and by the beef dry, in that case the of course man would dry too."—London Telegraph.

Walt Whitman's Pride.

Whitman's grandmother was a Quaker, and the hard had been all his life used. Quaker fashion, to sitting in the house with his sombrero on if it suited him to do so. One day, with a friend, he entered the gloomy and half empty precincts of Trinity church, New York, and took a back seat in the obscurity and for a moment forgot to remove his hat or was probably just about to do so when an officious verger stepped up and requested him to take it off. Walt, a man of immense pride, not seeing fit to do so instantaneously or being very slow in his mental processes, was taking the matter into consideration, for a second when the verger knocked the offending hat off his head. Walt picked up the huge felt and, doubling it together, smote the fellow vigorously twice or thrice with it on the head and slowly left the church, the red faced sexton following and threatening him with the law.

Mozart's Skull.

"If we were all constructed like Hamlet and could handle a skull as philosophically as he," writes a sentimentalist in a Hamburg paper, "we could visit the Mozart museum at Salzburg, enjoy the shilfs it offers and leave there without finding any fault. Unfortunately, however, we are not so cold, and therefore the protest which I make. Among the Mozart souvenirs which are pointed out to the visitor, in the same line with the old piano, letters, manuscript music, portraits, etc., is the skull of the great master. It matters little whether the skull is really that of the composer or one used for show purposes. The fact remains that in the Mozart town, in Salzburg, there seems to be no one who can [illegible] exhibition demonstrates a lack of reverence which shocks many people."

Afloat on Hot Air.

Members of the house of representatives are fond of joking fun at the florid style of speech affected by a certain congressman, who invariably contributes much "hot air" to any debate in which he may participate.

On one occasion the politician in question ventured to air his views touching a financial act under consideration, when he drew the following pitiable observation from an opponent:

"Our able and adventurous friend has undertaken to present his views upon this question. In this he reminds me of a beautiful swan breasting the sea with arched neck and wings outspread to catch the glint of the sea, moving along in serene and stately splendor, but blissfully unconscious of the unfathomable depths below."

He Explained.

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.

"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.

Fulton's Power of Thought.

Robert Fulton possessed to a remarkable degree the power of concentrated thought. He studied French, Italian and German and acquired a proficiency in the three languages. Higher mathematics, physics, chemistry and perspective also demanded his attention as he progressed in scientific research.—Century.

Not Led.

"So she was led to the altar at last?" remarked the girl in blue.

"Led!" repeated the bride's dearest friend. "Led! I fancy you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led. When she started down the aisle you couldn't have driven her off with a regiment of cavalry!"—London Telegraph.

Small Change.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger as he finished his dinner. "City looks the same."

"I don't find much change," remarked the waiter as he took up the dime that was left from the dollar bill.—Puck.

The Midnight Sun.

The midnight sun is visible wholly above the horizon at the North Cape from May 13 to July 30, at Hammerfest from May 15 to July 27 and at Tromso from May 20 to July 22.

A LINGUISTIC ESCAPADE.

When Henry W. Longfellow Shocked Intellectual Boston.

In the original impression of Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha" there were found in the seventh book the three lines following:

Stuck it into the river Kwasind,
Plumbed as if he were an otter,
Dove as if he were a beaver.

How this offending preterit passed the proofreader without protest is one of those mysteries which have never been revealed. But the form certainly made its appearance and can still be found in copies of the poem which were regularly published and sold. Boston never received such a shock since the days when Fenimore Cooper insisted that it was only in the middle states that the English language was spoken in its purity. But that attack came from an outsider. Here the offender was of her own household, was, in fact, her favorite son. What means of suppression were resorted to will probably never be disclosed. A mysterious reticence has always been preserved in regard to this linguistic escapade. The biographers of Longfellow appear to be silent upon the subject. Measures of some sort must, however, have been taken at once. "Dove" was expunged, and the decorous "dived" assumed its place, and the whole transaction was so completely hushed up that no public scandal was created. Let him who possesses a copy of that first impression continue to cherish it. Whatever may be its worth now, the time will come when it will reach the value of the virtuous woman of Scripture, and its price will be far above rubies.—Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's Magazine.

THE PALACE WAITED.

A Suggestion That Changed the Plans of a Pope.

At a time when there was great suffering among the people from lack of food and when famine in its worst form was threatened Pope Alexander VI. had made arrangements for the erection of a magnificent palace. The best architects had been employed, and the plans had been submitted and accepted, and an accomplished builder had been sent for to come from Venice, a man whose work had been for him renown and who was known to be a just and upright man.

The builder had arrived and at an appointed time he waited upon his holiness to receive the plans and make his estimates. "There is one thing yet to be done," said the pope. "There has been no proper inscription or legend thought of to be placed over the main entrance of the palace. It should be put above the great gate. You have had experience. Do you think of an inscription that would be appropriate?"

"If your holiness would pardon me for the liberty, I might suggest the most appropriate at this time."

"You are pardoned in advance," said the pope, smiling. "Now, what shall it be?"

"Sovereign pontiff, let it be thus: 'Courage and that these stones be made bread.'"

The pope was visibly and deeply affected. He paid the builder munificently for his expenses of coming and going, and instead of building his palace he fed the hungry ones of his children.

Poverty Has Its Advantages.

A man on the subject of life observes that poverty has advantages and undoubtedly it has some. If you are poor you can wear out your old clothes. You are excused from calls. You are not troubled with many visitors. Bores do not disturb you. Sponsors do not haunt your children. Lousy beards do not serenade you. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No storekeeper irritates you by asking you, "Is there anything I can do for you?" Begging letter writers do not bother you. Flatterers do not flatter you. You are saved many debts and many a deception. And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure to know it in a short space of time by him not deserting you.—Huntsville (Tex.) Post-Item.

The Origin of a Miserable Joke.

Confucius had just met William Penn at one of Cleopatra's 5 o'clock teas.

"William Penn?" he said. "William Penn? Seems to me I have heard of you, sir."

"Yes," said Penn, with a pleased smile. "I am the man who was mightier than the sword."

"Ah, yes," said Confucius. "You are also the man who invented sleep, are you not?"

"No," said Penn; "I founded Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes," said Confucius. "I knew it was something of that kind."—Success Magazine.

The Important Item.

He—Here is a thrilling account of the way in which the darling woman climbed to the top of a mountain which is five miles high. Wonderful, isn't it? She—Yes. What did she wear?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Well Bred.

"Do you speak the truth?"

"Not always."

"Why not always?"

"I hate to be impolite."—Nashville American.

Generous.

"My husband is the most unselfish of men!" exclaimed Mrs. Youngwife. "I gave him a whole box of cigars, and he only smoked one and gave all the rest away."

Paradise is for those who control their anger.—Koran.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Shinglehouse.
State Senator—G. W. Higgins, Mahlon Members of Assembly—James A. McKean Smethport; R. P. Ellwood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Orin D. Judge, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engeston, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Orlach, East Smethport.
Coroner—L. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Walker, W. Wilkey, G. H. Denning, J. L. Shepherne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sisse.
Justice—R. C. Pearson.
Constable—U. J. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secy; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Hamlen, John Clark.
Collector—R. O. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, Ed. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CURTIS SANDS, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELIA GRIDLEY, Pres't.
MRS. KEZIE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BESSIE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. S. BAYLE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. S. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE EMERSACHER, Secretary.

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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday. Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. every 1st Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3:00 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:00 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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HE SHORELY DOES MAKE A COLANDER OUT OF THAT HEADGEAR

ENRIGHT OUTMANEUVERED

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

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"Never but once is Old Man Enright floored," observed the Cattleman reminiscently; "that is floored by one of them masterly manoeuvers by which a gent goes round another gent's flank an' crawls his hump strategic. An' yet I don't aim to be understood as sayin' that Enright never is up ag'inst it. He ain't no more upholstered to make nose-up boil three-of-a-kind than you or me, an' mentally when brought to bay by such barriers of nacher, he, like other folks, is shore obleeged to lay down. What I'm tryin' to say is that, when it's a case of savey an' seein' your way through, Enright never gets downed but once.

"It's Cottonwood Wasson who performs this mir-cle. An' what contributes speshul to the strangeness of the play is that this Cottonwood person is nothin' more'n a youth—a callow youth—camped on the sourdough side of 20. Enright, to onset, this yere callowness of Cottonwood's, shows three times the years. I never counts the rings on his ho-ns, personal, holdin' it bad manners to go projectin' about t'ards another gent's age, but it's safe to say he's 60. Now, that's a heap of experience comin' to a gent in 60 years—a heap of cattle to travel the trail—an' for-him, with all he's seen an' met an' coped with, to be took out of the saddle by a child is strange to the p'int of crowdin' the yoonique. Enright says himse'f that on the hocks of it his conceit goes to bed sick for a week. The deevice, too, which overcomes him is as simple as seven-up—an' something like it—after Cherokee Hall explains. It lets Cottonwood but, though; an' fools Enright to a frazzle—fools him likewise in his offishul c'pacity as chief of the stranglers, which is drawin' the cinch plenty tight."

The Old Cattleman made a profound pause, and forgot everything else, apparently, while he filled his briar pipe. I was too well taught to put a question or break in comment. He would back away from either like a pony at sight of a bridle. Therefore, acting upon a wisdom born of many years' acquaintance with the old gentleman, I puffed at my cigar in silence. My wary forbearance went not without results. Pipe lighted, grizzle head in a cloud of smoke, through which his fine, if wrinkled features gleamed upon me as through a fog, he again took up the thread of narrative.

"This Cottonwood Wasson," he continued in a musing way, "don't live in Wolfville. For that matter, I ain't none shore he resides anywhere. My idee is that he passes his shallow days cavortin' round permiscus, now in Wolfville, now in Red Dog, or Tucson, or Colton, or Lordsburg, or mebby even Silver City. Not that he's hostile, or prone to lock horns 'with peaceful folks an' paw for trouble, but his common skill is to go chargin' up an' down the street, between drinks, spurrin' his mustang to a frenzy of hackin', meanwhile slammin' away with his six-shooter at tin tomatter cans, an' empty beer bottles, an' sim'lar obsolete truck.

"But Cottonwood never shoots at no people. That is, never onless you insists on countin' a Chinaman, which Wolfville is too conserv'tive to do. What! Chinaman is folks? Not in the eddicated estimation of Arizona, sun! His merely bein' willin' to work can't be permitted to pedestal him as part of an American pop'lation. If argument, we'll be feth'r mules an' Mexicans vote before we quit.

"It's only the exyoberance of boyhood," says Enright, 'uh' you was a boy once yourse'f, Tom.' Which Enright is plumb forbeath' that-a-way with the young.

"But the same argues, Boggs, it holds it's up to you, as chief of the vigilance committee, to mark out a reservation for this headlong Cottonwood. Have larfats an' wind mills no purpose? Is the stranglers a joke? Is that arm of justice conceived in a spirit of mirth?'

"'No,' says Enright, some emphatic; 'it ain't. But what, I asks you as a member of the committee, do you desire to do? As yet we have no calaboose, though plans is bein' formyoolated, an' that capstone to civilization is on its way. Pendin' said calaboose, however, what would you suggest? I shorely trusts you ain't that inhooman as to advise a rope for a boy in his teens. An' for nothin' more heinous than cracklin' off his 45!'

"'But he disturbs my peace,' urges Boggs petyoolantly. 'Tells you he gives me indigestion. I'm gettin' along into middle years, an' my stomach ain't what it was; but if ever Doc Peets tells me that the way I feels is doo, primar'ly, to them lone-hand festivals which this yere Cottonwood engages in, I'll wear out my six-shooter on his empty head.'

"Boggs goes pacin' up an' down the Red Light as he makes these fulminations, while Enright sits benign an' comfortably placid. 'We're all that used to Boggs's peevishness, him bein' by nacher nervous to the verge of emotional, no one pays much heed. But at that, Cottonwood don't escape without rebooke; for, jest as Boggs ceases, who should come pirootin' along but Armstrong from the New York store. Like Boggs, he says that hobbles must be put on Cottonwood, or subsequent developments may come off in the smoke.

"'Which I must say,' remarks Enright, after listenin' to Armstrong a heap disgusted, 'that thar's a powerful sight of tomfoolplayin' a' skelp-dance in' about nothin!' Yere's a boy, possessed of the effervescent spe'rits yoosual with his time of life, runs his pony up the street, bangs away with his gun, an' casyoually creases a Chink. Wharupon two full-grown gents goes tectorin' round, talkin' of vig'lance committees, with ropes an' wind-mills for a finish. This yere attitoode of narrowness, Armstrong, don't do you an' Dan no credit. You all acts as though a Chinaman is jooelry.'

"'Chinaman!' exclaims Armstrong, full of contempt. 'Do you reckon I'd leave my business to bluff round about a saddle-colored serf of the orient? Which the warmth of your manner is explained. No; yere's the prop'sition: This sportive yooth is interferin' with trade. That Mongol is on his way to my store to spend money, when Cottonwood opens on him. What I says is that sech action is inconsid'rate, an' he should be taught to think before he shoots.'

"Enright signs up the bar-keep to set out the licker.

"'I was shore obtoose,' he says, softly, his manner apologetic, 'an' I must say I can't see how I'm so dull as to go follow'n' off the wrong wagon track that-a-way. You're plumb right, Armstrong; this Chinaman is out to buy soap, or starch, or bloolin', or whatever other chem'cals he employs in his suds-sloppin', when Cottonwood heads him off with that gun-play. Shore, I'll give him warnin'. A Chinaman is one thing; but commerce must not an' shall not be shot up.'

"Jack Moore, at Enright's behest, brings in the obooleent Cottonwood, who seems a heap cast down. He's that modest it half-way disarms Boggs, who whispers to Enright that no reckons if he counsels Cottonwood to practyse more reserve with that six-shooter of his, it will likely answer all demands.

"'Which I adopts your view, Sam,' observes Boggs, surveyin' Cottonwood, 'tho shore does look mighty young an' small; it's plain he ain't lynchin' size as yet.'

"For all Boggs's intercessions, Enright assoomes a sour, forbiddin' manner. 'Cottonwood,' he says, 'I wouldn't if I was you, bank too strong on my want of years to so pressin' the limit of the public patience. It's bad enough for you to go settin' Dan an' other sensitive folks on edge with your hubbub, but to-day you takes a further downward step, an' puts it defyance the rooles of trade. Do you all realize how that Chinaman, when you singed him, is on his way to buy things at the New York store?'

"Cottonwood proteests that the idee never enters his head.

"'It's then as I thought,' goes on Enright, sort o' relaxin'. 'What you does is not doo to malice; but jest the same it's indiscreet. Now, I won't tell you twice, Cottonwood. Wolfville will not tol'rate interference with business interests. Yereafter, when moved to go burnin' up the scenery about a Chinaman with your gun, be shore it's after he makes his purchases. Now vamos, an' avoid footure criticism.'

"Cottonwood is more or less conscience stricken over Enright's words, an' promises to mend his ways. An' to show his feelin's has been reely touched, an' he's tryin' to improve, he takes the saddle off his pony an' goes on foot for mebby it's three days. He's shy plumb quiet, too, that general confidence is restored in him to such a degree that Cherokee Hall, who's yereto'fore barred him at faro bank as too young an' voyhaty considers removin' these disabilities an' permittin' him to buck the game onchecked.

"Bowers even says to Texas Thompson: 'It's amazin' how that Cottonwood boy fluffways since Sam advises with him. It certainly does knock his horns off, an' no mistake.'

"'Which I bigger,' returns Texas, who's more judgmatical than Boggs, 'that the changes you rejoices over is the froote rather of fear than of any resolootion to lead a happier an' a better life. Old Sam Enright's got a watchful gleamin' eye, an' that's a mighty gleam in it like the shine of a new Bowie.'

"'All the same,' returns Boggs, 'I feels more th'ral than you about Cottonwood. It's my belief his reforms is shoore.'

"'Well,' peterts Texas in a manner meditative, 'while I'll be proud to lose, I don't mind bettin' you a stack of reds that this Cottonwood coyote lifetas forth as in inside of no time.'

"'Breaks forth?' repeats Boggs. 'To what extremes?'

"'I'll gamble you all he gets that egressions the stranglers comes together,' says Texas.

"'It's a go,' says Boggs; 'although I'm driven to remark that your tastes for specyoolation has most likely betrayed you into the hole. This Cottonwood boy'll be as tame as tabby cats.'

"It's the next day, while Cottonwood is loafin' about, solemn an' sedate, that old Monte swings in with the stage. He fetches with him two tenderfeet.

"'An' they ain't got a thing but money!' says old Monte, as he pitches the letter bags to the postmaster, an' tumbles the Wells-Fargo box into the street. 'I couldn't quite git onto their game, but the bar-keep in the Oriental jest before I pulls out of Tucson asshores me they're yere to invest.'

"The strangers pitches camp at the O. K. Restauraw, an' after Enright gets out of old Monte all he's able to comm'unicate, which is pletny scanty; for the amount that old sot can't find out under the most fav'ble circumstances is plumb surprisin'—he an' Doc Peets goes squanderin' over. These yere demonstrations gets pop'lar anticipation all keyed up.'

"'That you see the two wisest sharps this side of the Missouri!' exclaims Dave Tutt, lookin' after Enright an' Peets. 'If they can't convince them millionaires of Arizona's footture, then it don't lay in the deck.'

"'The same bein' my belief complete,' says Boggs, who's celebratin' the advent of the tenderfeet out of a bottle. 'You bet Enright an' Peets 'll rope an' hawg-tie these yere capitalists, an' have 'em all spread out for brandin' too easy.'

"While we're hankerin' around the Red Light, talkin' it over, Enright comes back. I never sees him more pleased.

"'Gents,' he says, takin' the bottle from Boggs, 'them strangers is shore auriferous. They ain't made up their minds what avenoos of trade they'll tread, but their fixed impression is they'll stay.'

"'How strong be they?' asked Tutt. 'How big a bank-roll do you reckon now they've got?'

"'Which, of course,' says Enright, 'I don't put the question none direct, havin' too much tact, but they talks of a hundred thousand dollars like Dan does of a round of drinks. I regyards their presence as sepock-makin'.'

"'Shore!' says Boggs, mighty confident; 'Peets 'll have them investors whikin' in a circle the quick. I looks on the play as cinched.'

"'Speakin' general,' returns Enright, 'I must say I shares your confidence. Still, that's a chance. Like most sports from the east, onlyoored to Arizona ways, they're timid. They asks me partic'lar whether law is respected, an' do we set a valyoo on human life. It wouldn't do to startle 'em on them p'ints.'

"'Valyoo hooman life!' exclaims Texas Thompson, some indignant. 'Whatever is them mavericks talkin' about? Ain't we got a vig'lance committee? Don't every gent pack a gun? With sech evidences like an open book before 'em, don't it look like we valyooes hooman life?'

"Enright su'gests to Tutt that if Tucson Jennie p'rades the street, leadin' Enright Peets Tutt, it would give the camp a quiet domestic look.

"'The sight of sech a child as Enright Peets,' he says, 'couldn't fail to neootralize any roughness; that done, I'd look on vict'ry as secure. Also some gent ought to bronco over an' pass the word to Missis Rucker not to tyrannize over pore Rucker too open in the presence of our visitors. But on second thought it would hurt her feelin's, an' look to complexsant sequels; so mobby it's as well to pass it up.'

"It's yere Doc Peets comes weavin' in, smilin' wide an' complacent. 'It's all right, Sam,' says Peets, addressin' Enright; 'I left 'em gettin' ready for chuck. It don't do to talk too much at the jump; they might think the camp has designs.'

"'Right you be, Doc,' breaks in Texas Thompson. 'Cap'tallists that-a-way is like antelopes; way to hunt 'em is to set still.'

"'An' Missis Rucker?' urges Enright, sort o' anxious.

"'Which May giornin's is harsh to her,' returns Peets. 'She's got Rucker out in the kitchen, slicin' salt-hoss an' openin' air-tights, an' is preparin' to deal them guests the gastronomic game of the year. Also her attitoode towards Rucker is one of peace an' gentleness; they're gettin' along as contentful as two pups in a basket.'

"Enright heaves a sigh, lights a seegyar, an' leans back like one who sees triumph on its windin' way. He beams round on the boys, an' says:

"'Them, no one to count my chickens prematoor. I've reckoned from my prophetic bluffs. But after hearin' from the Doc, I'm yere to say we've got the city-mutton treed an' out on a limb. These cap'tallists is ours.'

"It's now, when hope is highest that comes a yell that sounds like an Injun uprisin', an' a pony goes flashin' up the street as though he'd shot out of a gun. Every gent looks pi. Enright disturbed.

"'Now, what ohmnizzled Siwash is that?' he asks, an' his looks is plenty ferocious. 'Who is it goes promotin' uproar at a crisis like this?'

"'It's that coospeerin' Cottonwood,' replies Boggs. 'He's loose, an'll, an' organizin' to stand the town on its head.'

"'Jack,' says Enright, wheelin' short [illegible] over his should[illegible] all on pins!'

"Before Moore can get to Cottonwood, the worst possible occurs. The

"That Cottonwood Simply Hands You the Old Snap of Top-an'-Bottom in a New Guise."

two cap'tallists, on hearin' the whoops, nacherally comes to the O. K. door to see what's up. One of 'em, who's got on a plug hat, is speshul interested. As Cottonwood sails by, whirlin' his six-shooter on his finger, the plug hat stranger seems to go into a trance of admiration; perceivin' which, Cottonwood yanks his pony up short, an' surveys him plenty disdainful.

"'Whoever licensed you to wear sech a war-bonnet as that?' demands Cottonwood, dictatin' at the plug hat with his gun. 'Don't you all know it's ag'in the rooles of our set?'

"'Whatever be you talkin' about!' exclaims the plug-hat party, plumb took aback.

"'Do you all reckon,' goes on Cottonwood, disregyardin' the question, 'that we're sech prairie dogs as to let a schemin' shorthorn go onderminin' us with his deboshed plug hat? If so, why was Bunker Hill an' wharfore Yorktown? Unless I nips this plug hat movement in the bud, you'll be playin' a w'ite shirt on us next.'

"Before the astonished tenderfoot can say a word, Cottonwood whips off the plug hat an' claps it on the muzzle of his gun. This done, he begins shakin' the loads out of his weepon same as if it's a Roman candle. He shorely does make a colander of that headgear! Jest as he's fetched loose the last shot, Moore snatches him from the saddle like he's a sack of bran.

"'Whatever's the row now?' demands Cottonwood. 'Do the ordinances of this yere puerile outfit extend to the protection of plug hats? If they do, I quit you right now.'

"'You'd better keep your feelin's hobbled,' says Moore, 'until you see Old Man Enright. An' as for quittin' Wolfville, the chances are that, when he gets done with you, you'll decide to stay yere till the final trump.'

"Which I never did see two tenderfeet so yoonanimous for goin' back before!' In no time after Cottonwood ventilates that plug hat, they're ordern' speshul buckboards from the corral, an' getting packed to pull their freight. They allows they've been imposed on by the bar-keep at the Oriental over in Tucson, he havin' described Wolfville as bein' as quiet as a church.

"'He sends us like lambs to the slaughter!' they says; 'an' once we're back, we'll unfurl to him our views concernin' the lies he tells.'

"Shore!' Enright talks, an' Peets talks; but what's the use? They tries to make these yere visitors see things in their 'roo light, an' that it's only Cottonwood's way of bein' sociable. They even offers to hang Cottonwood, if the ceremony will promote a better onderstandin'. It's of no avail; after that gunplay any gent who says Wolfville to them cap'tallists is harkin' at a knot. They simply won't have it! An', so, when the buckboard is ready, they goes tearin' pit to the north in a cloud of dust, a handkerchief over the plug-hat party's skelp, the plug hat in his lap. He allows he'll take it east to show what Arizona realy is.

"'I reckon, Texas,' says Boggs, a heap moody, 'I owes you a red stack. I'll consider the money well invested if it results in my seein' that miserable Cottonwood's moccasins ten feet in the air.'

"Enright calls the committee together in the New York store, though he states that the session is informal.

"'It's only intended to consider,' says he, 'in what manner we can get this Cottonwood killed, with least disgrace to ourselves.'

"'Whatever have I done?' demands Cottonwood, some querulous, as Moore brings him before Enright an' the rest of us by the scruff of his neck. 'Whatever have I done, now?'

"'What have you-all done?' repeats Enright, between rage an' disgust. 'You aims a blow at our prospects. Which you shows yourse'f a menace to a free people. What made you go swoopin' at that cap'tallist?'

"'Cap'tallist!' says Cottonwood. 'However do I savey he's a cap'tallist? Yere's a short-horn,' thinks I, 'an' the camp plumb dead! I'll about jump in, liven things up, a whole lot, an' give him a good impression.' That's why I throws myse'f loose like I do.'

"'An' do you allow,' returns Enright, savage an' sarkastic, 'that to burn up the cattleway with your pony, make a pinwheel of your six-shooter, an' finish off by shootin' a gent's only hat, full of holes, is doo to make a good impression? Is that your idee of luvitin' the confidence of a stranger?'

"After wallin' a while, an' Cottonwood makin' no reply, Enright goes on:

"'I can't get over the notion that you're more eedjotic than criminal. An' yet that don't let us in or out, but leaves us sort o' straddle of a log. Which I confesses, not without shame, that I'm nonplussed. Yere you go stampedin' them cap'tallists—said conduct bein' a bet which no se'f-respectin' community can overlook! An' no jail to put you in! Feeldes, in that school of joorisproodence wharin I was reared, it's allers been held that, when you've got a party you ought to lock up, you've got one you ought to kill. Cottonwood, I can't see nothin' for it but hang. Feoo, you ain't bumped off no one; but, as rends the constitootion, we're justified in sending you over the divide under the gen'ral welfare clause of that instroo-ment. That's my view; what do you say, Doc?'

"'Which I'm lost in the same neck of woods with yourse'f,' says Peets. 'I asks myse'f what else is thar to do?'

"Enright beats on the table, an' looks about. 'Has any gent a su'gestion?' he asks. Thar bein' no response, he turns ag'in to Cottonwood, who stands round-eyed an' amazed like a young kround-own. 'Have you anything to offer before an outraged public uses you to dec-rate the windmill? We regrets this finish, but you forced our hands yourse'f. As for me, personal, I've stood between you an' pop'lar clamor all I will. If you've anything to say, speak out; an' while he's talkin', Jack, you might as well go for a lariat.'

"The looped Cottonwood begins to take an interest. 'See yere,' he says, an' his manner is a heap plausible an' wheedlin'; 'you-all gents don't want to hang me. An', between us, thar's reasons, private to be personal, why I don't want to be hanged none. At least you all ought to give a gent a show-down. I'll tell you what: I'll nacherally cut the kyards to see whether I hang or go free? Or, if you objects to kyards, I'll throw the dice—first dash out of the box?'

"Enright, doorin' these proffers, is regyardin' Cottonwood doobious an' opcertain, like he can't make up his mind.

"'Or say,' goes on Cottonwood, 'I'll take a chance on this! You throw three dice, an' I'll agree to tell you, before you roll 'em, what number you'll throw, addin' spots on top to spots on the bottom. If I fail, I hang.'

"Enright at this looks at Cottonwood commiseratin'ly; then he speaks low to Peets. 'This boy is out of his head, Doc,' he says. 'The fright has onsettled his intellects.'

"'I'm not so shore,' says Peets. 'Which I'm afraid, I don't share your belief in him bein' upset mental. I figger he's got an ace buried. Still, since I'm mighty averse to stringin' up a yearlin', particular when no life has been took, I shorely trusts he has. My su'gestion is to call his bluff.'

"'Do I understand,' says Enright, ag'in addressin' the gulleful Cottonwood, 'that I'm to throw three dice, an' that you agrees to say before the throw, just what the spots on top plus the spots next the table will count?'

"'Preezackly,' returns Cottonwood, beginnin' to cheer up. 'If I fail down, it's a case of bring on the rope an' lead the march to the windmill. Fallin' of a shore thing like this, I shore ought to have no further care to live.'

"'Pore boy!' sighs Enright. 'Then, turnin' to Boggs: 'Dan, go over to the Red Light an' fetch the dice.'

"Enright picks up the three dice, while Moore, who's got back from the

"Now Vamose and Avoid Footure Criticism."

corral, takes his stand at Cottonwood's elbow, the lariat over his arm. Enright raises his hand, makin' ready to throw. At that, Cottonwood shets his foxy eyes, pretendin' to think.

"'Which, top plus bottom,' he says, 'you'll throw 21.'

"Enright sends the dice rattlin' along the table, while we-all crowds about. 'The dice shows six-two-four'—12 in all. We turns 'em over, one by one; the bottoms shows one-five-three,' bein' nine.

"'Thar you be!' cries Cottonwood, some exultant; '12 on top an' nine on the bottom, the same bein' 21. I win.'

"'You win,' says Enright, 'an' he says it like a load is off his mind. Then he raises his hand, mighty impressive. 'One word, Cottonwood, an' Wolfville is through with you, onless by some concoed breaks, you reopens the same. By first drink time to-morry you line out for Tucson. An' don't you come projectin' 'round this outfit no more, unless we gives you speshul leave. Which I'd run you out this evenin', only I'm afraid you'd track up on them doolin' short-horns, an' recommence your outrages.'

"Cottonwood moves for the door without a word, for he's no geck fool as to go tamperin' with his luck by givin' vent to untimely or ill-considered oratory. He's got the sense to let well enough alone, an' don't aim to go talkin' himse'f into new or deeper holes. When he's gone Enright looks at Peets a heap puzzled, an' asks:

"'However do you reckon he does it, Doc?'

"Peets waves his hand like the play battles him entire, an' appeals to Cherokee Hall, who's been watchin' them final proceedin's with a half-grin in the corners of his mouth, like he's amused.

"'What is it, Cherokee, that boy does to us?' asked Peets. 'He's had us ag'inst some deadfall or other, but what is it?'

"'Why,' returns Cherokee, 'it's as obvious as old John Chisholm's Fence-Rail brand. That Cottonwood simply hands you the old snap of Top-an'-Bottom in a new guise. An' I must concede that you falls for it like a bevy of farmers.'

"'Explain,' says Enright, who's sheepish to be took in by a child. 'You says "Top-an'-Bottom," but you don't eloocidate. Yere I am with three dice in my hand, an' Cottonwood says "21." I throws, an' it is 21. Now however does he know?'

"'How does he know?' repeats Cherokee, in smilin' toleration of Enright's ignorance. 'He knows, because it can't come anything else. If you was to throw these yere dice a thousand times, it would every trip come 21. See yere!' an' Cherokee takes one of the dice between thumb an' finger. 'When dice is made, they puts the six opposite the ace, the deuce opposite the five, the four opposite the tray. No matter how they roll or what comes up, the top an' bottom of each counts seven. Savey? Which bein' troo, throwin' three dice that-a-way, the tops an' bottoms makes three sevens—21.'

"In Enright's face chagrin an' knowledge is makin' an even struggle of it. After a bit he says, 'You've recounted, Cherokee, certain dice peculiarities which hitherto evades my notice, me bein' otherwise engaged. It all shows the wisdom of possessin' a professional card-sharp as a youult of the body politic. Still,' he goes on, some reproachful, 'when you sees him settin' this trap, why don't you give us warnin'?'

"'Which I would,' returns Cherokee, 'if the stakes is of real valyoo. But you're only playin' for the life of that horned toad, an' I sees no call.'

"'To think, Doc,' says Enright, kind o' pensive, as we-all go wanderin' back to the Red Light—'to think of me bein' let in by a babe in arms! An' yet I foretells a brilliant c'reer for that Cottonwood. That boy ought to be in congress right now! Barkeep'—makin' a sign to Black Jack—'the restoratives is on me.'"

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"The Dog—His Day."

By TROY ALLISON.

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Young Conway jabbed the oars into the water viciously.

"If I can't have what I want," he said sullenly, "I'll take what I can get. I'll ask her tonight."

Little Miss Pennell held on to the boat with both hands and gurgled delightedly.

"What a humble, doglike disposition is yours, Robert," she said admiringly. "I'm sure she will take you. She has been throwing herself at your head for six weeks."

"Thank heaven; women can never throw straight," he growled sullenly.

"Seems to me she has done very well," said Miss Pennell flippantly. "If you ask her tonight she surely will have achieved her aim. But I can't say that you look a willing victim.

HE WAVED HER DOWN with an air of authority.

That about describes you perhaps in accordance with your newly acquired doglike humility, but one couldn't exactly call it the cup of joy. Couldn't you force one little crabbed bark, Bobbie, my DEAR?" she suggested coaxingly.

"I wonder why on earth I like you. I've never been able to understand." He pulled the boat up to the sand bank and held it while she stepped ashore.

"Am sorry I'm so unnecessarily fascinating."

She shook the wrinkles from her ruffled skirts airily and started to investigate the one deserted hut that graced the tiny island of sand and rushes.

"Upon my soul, it's a mystery." He took their lunch basket from the boat and followed moodily.

Miss Pennell turned suggestively.

"You have spoiled your lovely metaphor. I've given no sound."

"Nothing so some philosopher has argued—love women," he retorted.

"That philosopher had probably just been turned down confidentially by the lady he wrote about. But even though soulless I have an appetite. Would you mind if we unpacked the basket and ate right here and now?"

Conway set the basket on the sand and took out his pipe, while she spread the napkins. "I don't want anything—have no appetite." He puffed his briarwood vigorously.

"But, Robert, you must brace the inner man. Don't you remember you have an ordeal before you tonight? I should think it would take some nerve to propose to Miss Stubbs. She's so—er—almost fat," apologetically, "that one would have to work his imagination overtime to say to her the things that the heroine of a romance is supposed to relish."

"I never did like skinny women," scathingly.

She hastily swallowed her bit of sandwich.

"If you want to call me little or petite or anything decently polite"—her eyes were flashing—"I don't object to you expressing your opinion, but I won't listen to anything so rude as 'skinny.'" She shook the crumbs from her lap and walked toward the water's edge.

"Oh, Robert, the boat's untied!" she wailed.

"Thunder!" said Conway, springing to his feet.

They watched it helplessly as it drifted. The girl at last sat down dejectedly.

"I'll not get back in time to dress for the dance."

"You'll be lucky if any one comes by in time to take us back tonight at all," he said forcibly.

"In all my twenty-two years I've never met with such vexation." She ding the sand into holes with the heel of her small tan shoe.

"You at least have some cause for gratitude. It's not everybody that achieves such a ripe old age by calmly peaceful paths."

Little Miss Pennell eyed him miserably. "But it will soon be getting dark, Robert, and I am afraid out here all alone."

"Seems that I should count for something in the way of company," with slightly more amiability.

"Oh, you!" she returned gloomily. "But you will be so bad tempered, because of Miss Stubbs. You were going to have a tete-a-tete with her tonight, you know."

"That's all over now," he sighed.

"Over? Can't you ask her tomorrow?"

He threw a pebble far out in the water and waited to see it splash. "I'm going to ask you again," he said slowly, "and you will have to consider in this time—to keep those old cats at the hotel from saying things."

She drew a quick breath, and her eyes were mutinous.

"Let them talk. They have to talk about something. I certainly shall not let their silly chatter force me into matrimony."

"But, Betty, I hate to have them say things. And I'm not such a bad chap"—

"I know you're not," said Miss Pennell, fast becoming more excited and angry, "but they can talk—and talk! I intended marrying you all along, but I won't be forced into it."

"What!" shouted Conway so loudly that a lone bird perched on a nearby grass stalk flapped its wings hurriedly.

She saw her false step and tried to retrieve. "I meant—perhaps."

"No; you don't really," he said haughtily.

The shadows grew longer. He looked at his watch in the fading light.

"Too bad, but I must take you back in time for you to dress for the dance."

"How?" incredulously.

He waved her doubts aside with an airy gesture. "The hero of this romance knows how to relieve the heroine in distress, my lovely lady. See that hut?" dramatically. "Well, there are four canoes sheltered in it."

Little Miss Pennell dimpled appreciatively. "You dear!" she said.

She Liked Variety.

She is a very nice little girl, and yet she has an imagination so vivid that people can't help wondering once in awhile what is going to become of it. The little girl can and does tell the most marvelous tales, and when she is reproved she is entirely complacent and cannot see that her effective inventions are anything more than jokes. One of these she told to an interested neighbor at whose house she called frequently.

"How is your mamma, dear?" asked the neighbor one morning, when the little girl made her appearance.

"She is very sick," answered the little girl earnestly. "Nelly (her sister) and I were up with her all night. We called the doctor." But when the kind neighbor went in haste to see her sick friend she found her in every respect as well as ever.

"Why did you tell that Mrs. Blank such a story about me?" asked mamma seriously of her little girl at the first opportunity.

"Well, mamma," said the little girl, with a toss of her curls, "Mrs. Blank asks me every single morning how you are, and I get tired of telling her that you are very well."—New York Times.

A Busy Family.

"Say, kid," said the book agent as he drew up at the gate of a house in a country town out which was swinging a barefooted boy, "is your pa around?"

"Nope. Pa's out breakin' in a colt," was the reply.

"Could I see your ma?"

"Nope. Ma's jest took a walk to break in a new pair of shoes."

"Is your big sister at home?"

"Nope. Pete Jackson fell over town an' busted his leg, an' she's gone over to break the news to his ma."

"Maybe I could see another one of your sisters."

"Nope. The other's gone to town to break a ten dollar bill."

"Well, I guess I'll have to talk to your big brother, then. Will you call him, please?"

"Can't. He's breakin' stone up at the county jail."

"Your folks seem to be pretty well occupied," smiled the book agent. "Maybe I could interest you in a big book bargain?"

"Not me, mister," replied the boy. "That feller comin' over the hill called me squint eyed yesterday, an' I'll soon be so busy breakin' his head that I won't have no time to talk to you."—Judge's Library.

No Wonder She Didn't Know.

Before he had been in the car three minutes most of the women passengers and some of the men were explaining to their neighbors what they would do with the little imp if he belonged to them. Spanking was the popular remedy, and if that boy had received then and there all the paddlings that his critics were aching to administer he surely would have been well blistered.

To the general babel of advice and fault finding, however, there was one woman who contributed nothing. She was a gentle, gray haired body who remained unruffled in the midst of the small tempest raging.

"If that child was mine," said the determined woman beside her, "I'd make him mind if I had to half kill him. Wouldn't you?"

"I don't know," said the little woman mildly, "what I'd do."

"You don't?" said the determined woman. "Well, I know. But maybe you are not used to children? Maybe you never had any of your own?"

"Oh, yes," said the little woman. "I brought up thirteen. That is why I don't know what I would do."

No Attempts, Please.

Mother (to future son-in-law)—I tell you that, though my daughter is well educated, she cannot cook.

Future Son-in-law—That doesn't matter much, so long as she doesn't try.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Dull Letter.

"The only news I have to tell you," wrote the Hillville citizen, "is that the river has riz an' drowned all yer cattle, an' yer uncle has broke jail; likewise the widder woman you wuz goin' ter marry has runned off with a book agent. Outside of thase heer things we air all a-doin' well."—Atlanta Constitution.

His Preference.

"You say [illegible] stole your coat?" said [illegible]. "Do I understand the charges against him?"

"Your honor," replied the [illegible] I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you, sir."—Philadelphia Press.

Women in England.

In the seventeenth century, when Englishwomen were still recognized as possessing an economic and political status side by side with Englishmen, there was written an interesting entry in the church warden's accounts of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, proving that one Elizabeth Bartlett was intrusted with the casting of the second bell and that all the women employed thus were paid at the same rate as men for the same work. Another instance is to be found in the records of the Fleet prison, of which the first female warden, appointed in 1217 on the death of her husband Robert, received the same salary as the said Robert had been accustomed to during his life. There was no talk then of confining the woman's sphere to work that was badly paid badly.

City of Mexico Street Cars.

The street car system of the city of Mexico is a fine one, but here is one arbitrary rule that strangers must learn as soon as possible—that is, the cars do not stop except at certain points, where you will notice the electric light poles have a band of white painted on them. These stopping places are very close together in the crowded parts of the city, so you must look out for them. You are expected, too, to enter at the back and go out at the front door. Apart from this, the conductors will be found courteous, ever ready to tell you things and anxious to assist you.—Houston Post.

No One Questions It.

An automobile party was touring through a mountainous district of one of the states and had made a stop in one of the small towns to make some repairs to the machine. While they waited the attention of one of the party was called to an intelligent looking lad of about fourteen who seemed to be very much interested in the work and of whom the following question was asked:

"Say, son, what do you live on out here?"

"Nuthin," replied the somewhat surprised youth. "Dad's a preacher."—Judge.

Object, Matrimony.

"I want to put an ad in your paper," said the seedy looking man. "Make it, 'Wanted, a situation—any old job.'"

"Shall I say 'wages no object?'" suggested the clerk.

"No; make it 'object matrimony.' If I could get an advertisement with a decent job I'd be willing to marry it for life."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Gaining the End.

"Nobody can think my battle pieces expensive, as I have meant it to, all the colors and horrors of war? Nothing can be too much for the nastiest thing I can say."—Cleveland Leader.

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All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. B. WRIGHT
Administrator.

Kane, Pa., Oct. 20, 1903.